Saturday Review

JULY 15, 1961 / 25¢

EDUCATION

EDUCATION IN RED CHINA

By William Benton

THE MOOD INSIDE RUSSIA'S SATELLITES

By Louis Fischer

Red Chinese Pupils in a Commune's Primary School (See Education)

SH752850 G285-556-3540
HUDDEE HERRICK
MARLBORO VT

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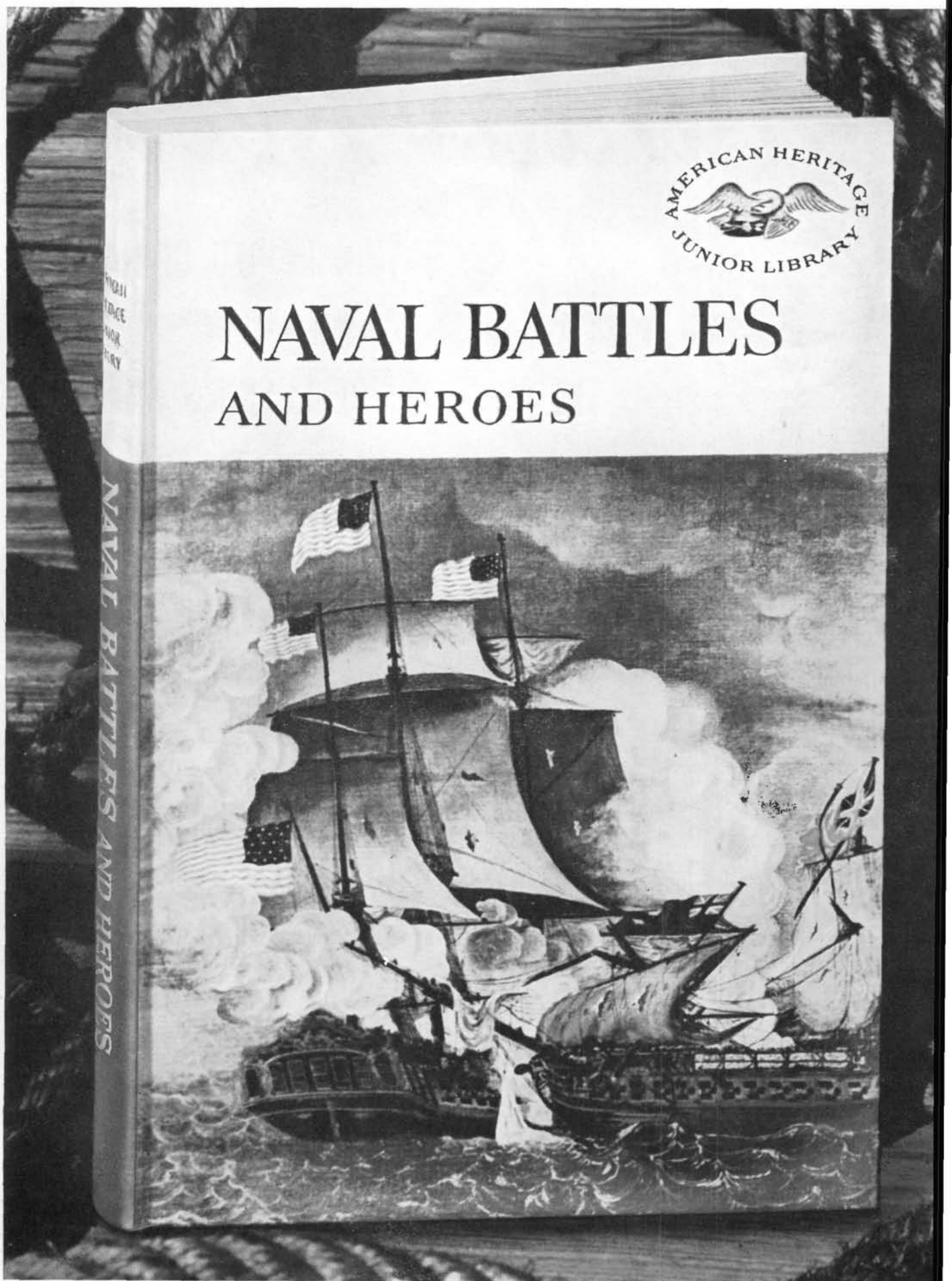

Shown less than actual size, *Naval Battles and Heroes* is 7" x 10" – with 153 pages, more than 25,000 words and over 200 illustrations, half of them in full color.

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to introduce
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—created by the editors of AMERICAN HERITAGE

THE IDEA:

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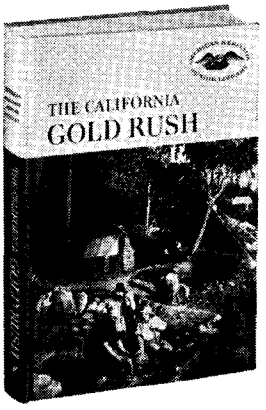

Examine the *Gold Rush* book for as long as ten days if you wish. Then either send $2.95 (more than 15% below the $3.50 retail price), or return it and that's that. In either case, *Naval Battles* is yours free.

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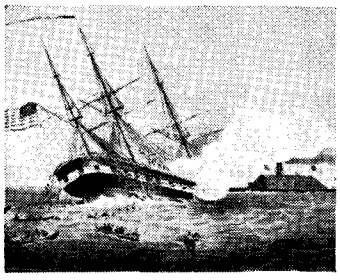
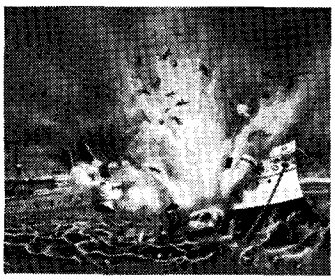


1862: FIRST IRONCLAD
Confederate ironclad *Merrimac* ramming the wooden sloop *Cumberland.* The Union ship refused to surrender and went down with her colors flying.

Chicago Historical Society

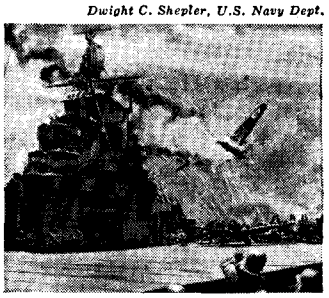


1898: THE "MAINE" BLOWS UP
Mysterious explosion of the battleship *Maine* at Havana, which killed 260 of the crew and soon led to the Spanish American War and Cuban independence.

Library of Congress

1918: CAPTURED U-BOAT
One of the fleet of German submarines which terrorized Allied shipping in the North Atlantic until hunted down by American and British destroyers.

Dwight C. Shepler, U.S. Navy Dept.



1945: "KAMIKAZE" ATTACK
Japanese *Kamikaze,* or suicide plane, narrowly missing the aircraft carrier *Hornet* in a last-ditch effort to destroy the victorious American Pacific fleet.

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Xerxes the great did die, And so must you and I.

X was once a great king Xerxes,
Xerxy,
Perxy,
Turxy,
Xerxy,
Linxy, Lurxy,
Great King Xerxes!

The alphabet-book industry is crying out for new X-words. The New England Primer wrung an appropriately sober moral from Xerxes, and Edward Lear prattled on that name in his inimitably charming fashion. But the Persian Monarch is now a pretty hackneyed way of getting from W to Y and Z, and substitutes are hard to come by Xcept through a distasteful fraud.

Let all despairing seekers after X-words nevertheless take heart, together with any sometimes-despairing bibliophiles, scholars and librarians listening in. We commend to you the word and concept Xerox. Derived from Ξηρός, dry, it describes a direct and (of course) dry photoprinting process by means of which microfilms are turned into books.

We are especially interested in the Xerox process at University Microfilms because it enables us to offer, in book form, titles not otherwise so available. The titles range from editions of The New England Primer and Edward Lear to treatises on photochemistry and Persian history. The cost of manufacturing a single Xerox copy of an octavo book is three and a half cents a page. Catalog free.

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Saturday Review

JULY 15, 1961

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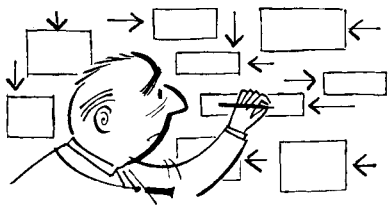
TRADE Winds

TO GRADUATES of the Institute of Languages and Linguistics of the Edmund A. Walsh School of Foreign Service of Georgetown University—the ones who received the Certificate of Proficiency as Conference Interpreter: tell me, is the word "language" spelled wrong on your diploma? It is on the one someone sent along to me.



I HAVE A LETTER from Dr. Arthur H. Klawans of Chicago, who, as an obstetrician and gynecologist, is bothered by the Do-Not-Write-in-This-Space matter, except his problem is different: he *has* to write in spaces. He says:

"I get a big kick out of some of the insurance forms I am called upon to complete." These forms, it seems, are nothing but boxes and spaces that need to be filled in.

"My gripe is that many of the forms state 'All questions must be answered.' Thus I am forced *not* to leave any blank boxes. You can't win. Dealing only with female patients and most often pregnant ones, I am tempted to insert in the 'Sex' space the word 'yes.' And what would you suggest I do with the 'When-Did-the-Accident-Occur?' box?"

At least, that's what I *think* Dr. Klawans wrote me. His letter is in longhand. He was thoughtful enough to add a P.S.: "If you can't read this, take it to the nearest pharmacist."

A THIRTY-THREE-YEAR-OLD Englishman named David Michael Langstone Bolt, who has been writing stories since he was seven years old (he started a novel at thirteen but didn't finish it), who has been ambushed by rebels in Malaya, who has worked as a buyer for a South African bookstore, and who now lives in London, has had published here his novel "Adam" (John Day), his retelling of the story of Genesis.

By his own admission Bolt went through some tough periods that led him to an intense delving into theology. First a skeptic, he found his researches leading him toward a fundamentalist view of the Bible. He says:

"It finally happened that all the accumulated evidence tended to show the Book meant exactly what it said. So I came to the view, which I now hold, that the Bible is a very historical document and entitled to respect. The story of the Garden of Eden has long fascinated me.

"I am dismayed to discover that the majority of my Christian and professing Christian friends never read the Bible, and have little idea of what it says. When they say something in it is 'disproved' I want to see the new proof. Nine times out of ten what is proof today is again disproved tomorrow. So one purpose in writing 'Adam' was simply to draw attention to the Bible. My book is packed with theology and I'm still waiting for some theologian reviewer to trip me up. He may yet!"

HERE'S A PUBLISHER plugging a book he isn't publishing. It's Knox Burger, editor of Gold Medal Books, the paperback line. The book is "LM 8046," written by David King and first brought out in 1927. Knox thinks it's a wonderful book; it's a collection of letters and diary entries written during the fighting in France in World War I. Burger thinks it would make a high-class paperback for someone.

"It's awfully good on mud and shrapnel and bayonets and other unpleasantries of trench warfare," he reports. Burger read the book because he recently met David King, the author. King made up a poem for him:

Autres temps, autres moeurs
Things just go
From bad to woeurs.

FROM THE LATEST ISSUE of Harry Golden's *The Carolina Israelite* we find some apparently helpful information. It seems that recently there was a motel raid in Charlotte "which tumbled some eminently respectable businessmen out of their beds and some even nicer ladies with them," Golden reports. He goes on to say that while vice-squad raids are not common, they are nevertheless a constant source of menace. But there is a way to insure perfect safety.

"When you register at a motel,

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hotel, or tavern with another woman," Golden explains, "always use a Jewish name, which puts you above all suspicion and also thwarts any private detective scouring the area. No one makes up a Jewish name, or so people imagine.

"You're always safe at motels or hotels or taverns with such names as: Tom Ginsburg, Danny A. L. Levy, or Wallace Garfunkle."

Only in America.

I THINK IT WAS Herb Caen who first told this supposedly true story on the Coast. Seems an ambitious young man with the Bank of America has been hankering to get into the advertising game. He wrote up a lively résumé, topped it off with a banner headline—"Help! Help! I'm a prisoner of the Bank of America"—and mailed it around.

A copy got into the hands of the young man's boss, who called the fellow in and said:

"I've got good news for you. The Bank of America is setting you free."

SHARPS AND FLATS: "Why you pay through the nose when you buy on the cuff!" blares the huge Doubleday Book Shops advertisement for "Buy Now, Pay Later" (Morrow). "Learn the facts about why easy payment plans are never easy, how bait ads pull in credit customers . . . behind-the-scenes stories about . . . retail shops and department stores . . . in the business of selling you debt!"

Yes, you guessed it; there's a coupon with the ad. Just send in your book order and Doubleday will put it on your charge account or your credit card.

►A fellow has been pestering me to use the following; to quiet him, here it is: He says that the University of Leeds in England hasn't been getting enough Rhodes scholars and needs a motto to attract them: "All Rhodes roam to Leeds." The fellow who gave me that item is also the one who says that when a member of the clergy gets angry it is called "clerical choler."

►Anyone interested in books will want to read Phyllis McGinley's blast at publishers in the July *Ladies' Home Journal*. Boy, she really tells everybody off! "I am as bored with the books as I am with the advertisements," she cries. "I am weary of immorality in fiction. I am sick to death of shock. . . . To overstress evil is as banal as to overemphasize goodness. If 'Little Lord Fauntleroy' seems ludicrous to us now, so—on thinking it over—does Styron's 'Set This House on Fire' and O'Hara's 'From the Terrace'—and for the same reason. Each puts more burden on a single emotion than it is able to carry."

►A book titled "Optics: An Introduction for Ophthalmologists" has just been published by Thomas in Springfield, Illinois. It was written by Dr. Kenneth Ogle.

►The Atheneum Publishers people were having a meeting. Simon Michael Bessie was in the chair. As the lunch hour approached and the conference went on, the participants grew restless. Bessie finally rapped the table and said, "May I please have your divided attention?" —JEROME M. BEATTY.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1424)

ERNEST K. GANN:
FATE IS THE HUNTER

Many pilots undergo a marked transformation once they are aloft. The loud-mouthed vulgarian slips into shyness. The carefree become moody and meditative; the introspective and taciturn, as if suddenly released, can become garrulous bores.

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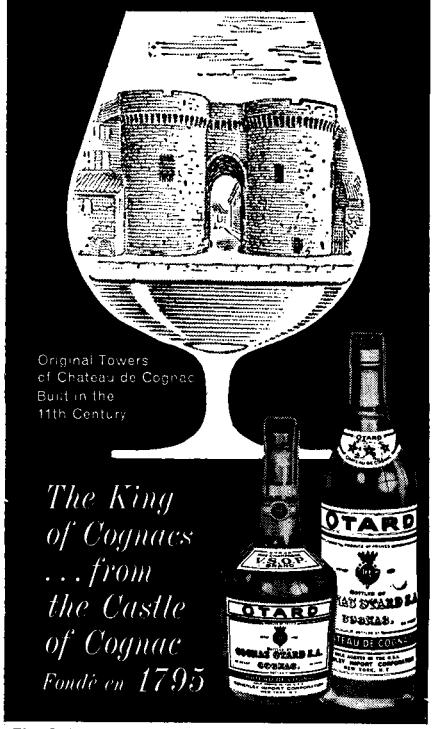

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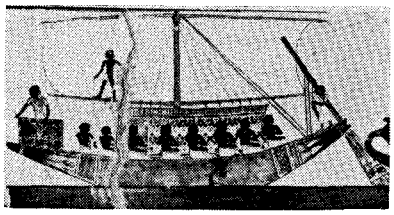

P-820. EGYPTIAN FUNERARY BOAT.

A scene from the Tomb of Menna at Thebes, depicting the funerary voyage of the dead; filled with many varying shades of green, gray, yellow and off-white, with reddish-brown figures. Silk screen. 16" high x 32" wide picture area. *Special* **2.98**

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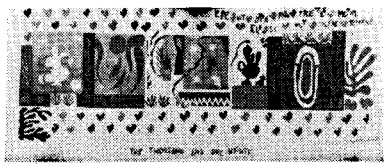

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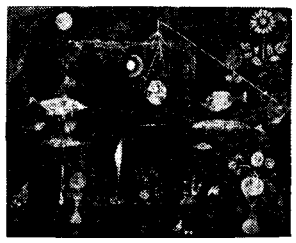

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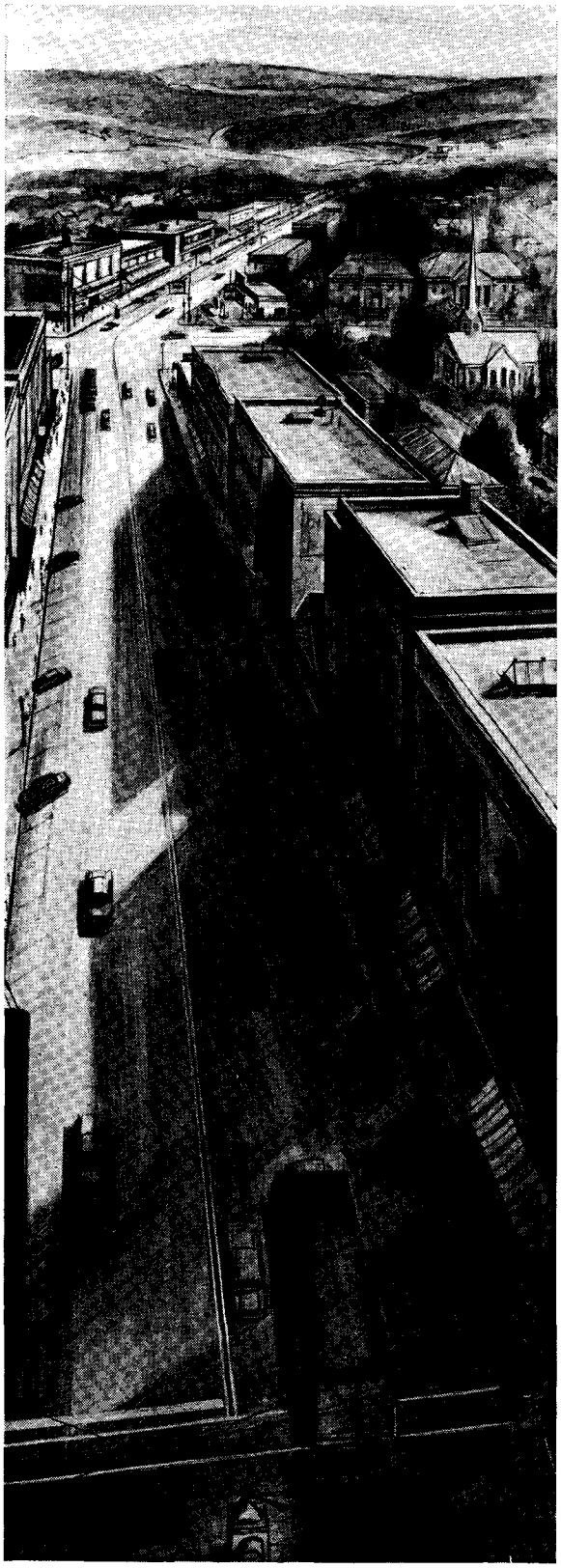

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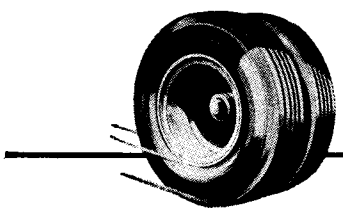

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Saturday Review
JULY 15, 1961

THE MOOD INSIDE RUSSIA'S SATELLITES

"Russia's obedient, compliant satellites cannot aspire to a place in the sun."

By LOUIS FISCHER, *author of "Russia, America, and the World" and numerous other books on international affairs. Mr. Fischer, a faculty member of the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton, New Jersey, is currently visiting the areas about which he writes in this article.*

BELGRADE, YUGOSLAVIA.

THE OCTOBER - NOVEMBER, 1956, Hungarian revolution was a historic divide. The West failed; the Eisenhower Administration, immersed in the Presidential election campaign, did not even raise its voice to bolster the neutrality and withdrawal from the Warsaw Pact which Imre Nagy, independent Communist prime minister, had proclaimed. Moscow wavered, wondered whether to abandon Hungary, and actually began moving its troops out. But the Anglo-French involvement at Suez gave Khrushchev courage and his tanks went to work shooting up Budapest and other cities. Throughout Budapest—not only in the center of the town—one still sees the myriad pockmarks made by Russian shells. Hundreds of buildings, however, have been refaced to eliminate all damaging evidence of the foreigner's battle against the Hungarian people.

Those shots were heard everywhere in Eastern Europe. Since then, all's quiet on the satellite front. Action is considered futile. The unhappy can only adjust and wait with little hope. In Warsaw, where most mouths and doors are open, a prominent Polish Communist spoke to me of his "personal apathy." His fellow members of the party talk to salve their conscience, perhaps to save their souls, but they are conscious of their political impotence. "The real beneficiary of the October, 1956, Gomulka revolution," one of them said, "was the peasant"—in other words, private capitalism. Land may be privately owned up to an acreage limit which varies in different parts of the country. The villager gets around this restriction and the disadvantage of small strip-farms by pooling resources with brothers, nephews, and cousins who buy neighboring plots.

Relative freedom for the peasant, and for some private trade and petty manufacturers, is at the cost of liberty in the city, which means in the party and among intellectuals. Since 1957, Gomulka has tightened the screws and brought back into key positions several Polish Stalinists who know how to keep them tight lest disaffection get out of hand. Thus, while voices of unorthodoxy in private remain unhampered, unmonitored, and unpunished, the public thaw in journalism, literature, and art which gave birth to the Gomulka revolution and survived it for a year is now cracked ice. Gomulka, say the Communists, has no interest in culture. What he wants for the people is housing, refrigerators, better clothing, more shoes, radios, and adequate food, but since his wife is a bad cook and he is an ascetic the finer aspects of living elude him. He has gathered around him birds of a feather; a member of the party's Politburo, driving past an urban park, noticed benches painted in several bright colors. He thought this a waste and a pampering of the public taste, and ordered a somber hue. The city fathers with difficulty dissuaded him.

MORE than ever, Poland's ear is cocked to sounds from the Kremlin clock tower. A Warsaw publisher explained that they would gladly print books on Mahatma Gandhi if Moscow did (which it does not). Gomulka, like Khrushchev, dislikes abstract painting, so the Polish government commission which places pictures in state offices and institutions buys no abstract canvases except for sale to the West. Capitalist money is good, and if capitalist brains are perverted, all the better. However, private connoisseurs in Warsaw, Communists included, are not deterred by Gomulka's "*Nyet.*" They decorate their homes with the latest Levensteins and other moderns. (In Yugoslavia, all forms of art from social-

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ist realism to non-objectivism compete for the market and public approval.)

In foreign affairs, too, Warsaw takes its cue from Moscow. When I argued with top Polish officials that they could win higher respect abroad and be more loyal to themselves if they would "speak Polish and not Russian" at the U.N. and elsewhere, they understood what I meant; I did not mean language—they were not to be a Soviet echo and carbon copy. They offered several replies: they agreed with Moscow's policy; they helped formulate it. Nothing they said effaced the feeling that when a Polish diplomat, addressing the U.N. General Assembly, calls Hammarskjold an accomplice in Lumumba's murder he is doing violence to his own civilized personality and to that of Poland, which—I sensed this vividly in flying from Warsaw to Moscow in two hours and twenty minutes—is a Western nation without the medieval Asiatisms Russia acquired in the centuries of her enforced isolation from Europe.

The fact is that Russia will not release Poland and therefore the Poles cannot be free at home or in foreign affairs. That being the case, the only alternative to Gomulka is a worse Communist. The Polish people accordingly give unto the Russian and domestic Caesars what they must and with this tribute try to buy some personal solace and limited liberty. Between Gomulka and his 30,000,000 subjects there seems to be an unwritten compact. They lend him what he asks—their votes, their feet in parades, their work; he grants them a circle of maximum size eccentric from the state where they are their masters in private. The fruits of this arrangement are indifference to politics, cynicism, card-playing, drinking, and boredom among Communists; despair among intellectuals who retain their ideals (in part socialist ideals) and suffer accordingly; and, among workers and peasants, a mounting materialism diluted only by loyalty to the Catholic Church, which, too, coexists in helpless anger with Gomulka.

AT least in Poland one feels that man is not dead; he survives, sometimes revives in the home. Russia is pregnant with mental rumbles that may or may not end in miscarriage. But Czechoslovakia is silent and supine. Shoulder-shrugging has become a national habit and the normal answer to questions, although occasionally, if one scratches hard enough, the robot emits a sound. Why, I asked a Prague hotel porter, must I go to the customs with my passport and fill out forms in order to mail to myself in Princeton several Soviet books bought in Moscow? Answer: a shoulder shrug. Why, I asked an attendant at the tremendous exhibit commemorating forty years of the Czechoslovak Communist Party's history, is there no picture or mention of Stalin? Shoulder shrug. Did Stalin not dominate the world Communist movement for twenty-five years and establish the Communist state of Czechoslovakia? Shoulder shrug plus faint smile. Why, I asked in a grocery store, does a kilogram of bananas cost $1.20, a small bar of chocolate 66 cents, an egg six cents? The manager: "The government fixes all prices, there is no competition, so we accept them." Why is meat missing in the store? Shoulder shrug. I persisted. "Our area under collectivization increases year by year," he explained with a mischievous grin. "More socialism, less meat." He left me abruptly.

A Czech woman was resting on the uniquely beautiful Charles bridge across the Moldau. "What do you think of that statue?" I inquired. I referred to the monument of Stalin, looking gaunt and hungry, followed closely by a line of stone workingmen. "It's ugly," she replied. "We Czechs call it a milk-and-meat queue." Later, in answer to the same question, a man said, "It was very expensive. They had to inject cement into the ground to prevent its slipping into the river. Someday those workers will push him into the water."

Nevertheless, and despite widespread disgust with the Communist regime, Czechoslovakia, since Jan Masayrk was pushed or jumped into the Foreign Office courtyard and the democratic-Communist coalition was thrown into the discard, has remained a dull, dour country without a breath of public dissent or a hair's deviation from Moscow. It is more Stalinist than the Soviet Union, because in Russia nationalism reinforces Communism, whereas in Czechoslovakia (and all the satellities) nationalism is anti-Communism. Czechoslovakia being a new nation—is it a nation?—nationalism is weak; therefore anti-Communism is weak. For other reasons too, Czechoslovakia follows like a sleepwalker in the footsteps of the Big Slav Brother in the East. The country gives the impression of an almost inhuman automaton obeying remote Russian push-button impulses. It is as if the Czechoslovaks were paralyzed in all else save the capacity to work hard in factories (but not on the land, where socialism encounters the same difficulties that plague the entire bloc except Poland, which has a few collectives on paper only). But no matter how hard and efficiently they work, the prices they pay are excessive, there has been a meat famine for seven months, and the housing crisis grows worse. Central Committee Secretary Alexander Dubcek told the Central Committee plenum of April 12-14, 1961, that new housing construction does not keep pace with the deterioration of old housing. He spoke of the "serious danger that new housing construction not only might fail to yield a surplus over the decrease but that in many places it will not even suffice to make up for the decrease." Conditions would have been far better if Czechoslovakia, on Moscow's borders, did not give so much aid to underdeveloped countries, if it had not collectivized agriculture, and if it did not maintain such a large military establishment. The low living standard despite high industrial productivity merely emphasizes the Czechoslovaks' hopeless political situation and their passivity.

HUNGARY depresses more, for here there was a surging, rushing life force, and now—nothing. Watching those young men in tight, tapering trousers (taboo in Russia) and pointed shoes and the young women in fashion clothes, one wonders how many of them were freedom fighters, how many sympathized with the freedom fighters. Hungarians have temperament and are not easily cowed. But they have been discouraged and they channel their rebellion into a demand for worldly goods and pleasures. Moscow recognized this; since the 1956 revolution Soviet credits to Hungary amount to $338 million, to which Czechoslovakia added $27,800,000 and East Germany $16,600,000.

Atop the hard crag rising gracefully out of the swift, broad, not-blue Danube near the Gellert Hotel in Budapest stands a monument to the Soviet soldiers who died fighting the Nazi invaders in Hungary, and there, one Sunday, I saw a group of tourists from the Soviet Union. They were much worse dressed than Hungarians on weekdays. Budapest that day was packed with Austrians down for a soccer game. Hungarians admired their clothes and the automobiles in which they had driven from Vienna. Compared to them, Hungarians are poor.

"We want to catch up with the Austrians," a Hungarian Foreign Office official told me. Khrushchev wants the Soviet Union to catch up with the United States. But first the Soviet Union will have to catch up with Hungary and Czechoslovakia, and then all three will have to catch up with Austria, assuming Austria stands still and waits for them, and after that will have to strive mightily to catch up with West Germany and northern Italy, assuming they do Moscow the favor of resting on their oars. Soviet and satellite citizens will, for years, need telescopes to see the prosperity of Western Europe and

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the United States. Meanwhile East Germany should try to catch up with the Ukraine or Armenia.

To the extent that Hungary's living standards—except for meat—have improved, the credit goes to the 1956 revolution. Khrushchev was frightened and poured in goods and money. The Hungarian Foreign Office bureaucrat called it a "counter-revolution." I debated with him for an hour though I knew it was no use. He would condemn the murder of Lumumba but not the murder of Nagy; denounce Kennedy for Cuba but not Khrushchev for the far harsher imperialism of Russia in suppressing the national uprising of the Hungarian people in 1956.

THAT revolution changed the face of Soviet imperialism. Stalin robbed Poland of her coal shipments, despoiled Manchuria, dismantled East German industry, exploited all the satellites through trade at Moscow-made prices without aid. The East German uprising of June 16-17, 1953, was a warning to Stalin's heirs. The Polish and Hungarian revolutions of 1956 called a halt. Now Russia is paying in goods, grants, and loans for the might and prestige which empire supposedly brings. This is reverse imperialism: the colonies submit politically to the "motherland" and exploit her economically. Fine for the power-lusting Soviet dictatorship; bad for the impatient Soviet people who foot the bill. Some day an "Attlee" may arise in the Kremlin who will liberate "India," a Malenkov who will free Russia of the satellites and make Russians free. For the Soviet individual pays not only with clothes, homes, and foods; he pays also with his freedom.

Tito escaped from Soviet tutelage in June, 1948. Since 1956, Yugoslavia has registered more progress in living standards than any other Communist nation. For this reason, and because he pitted Yugoslav nationalism against Soviet imperialism and won, Tito is more popular by far than any satellite dictator and has, accordingly, developed his own cult of personality, the inevitable companion, it seems, of Communism as practiced today. (Khrushchev is doing it too.) The published texts of Tito's speeches are interlarded with parentheses like "Strong and standing applause, and chanting 'We belong to Tito, Tito belongs to us,' 'Hero Tito,' 'Tito, Tito, Tito.'"

For this and other reasons, Yugoslavia, with 18,000,000 inhabitants, tries to behave like a great power. She competes with the Soviet Union. (Communists are the most competitive people on earth). Just as the Soviets argue that they are the model for underdeveloped countries to follow toward "socialism," so Tito, after praising his country's achievements, however modest, asserts, "Peoples of other countries are paying attention to this. That is the most precious thing we have achieved since the war." This boast makes it necessary for Tito to answer the Russian and satellite sneer that his "socialism" was built and is being built with aid from capitalist America. Tito therefore denies the foreign aid, as he did, for instance, on June 5, in a speech at Kragujevac. "We relied primary on our own forces," he asserted. "We received nothing from abroad." This is the neatest trick of the year, wiping out $2 billion with five words. The record, there for all to see, contradicts him, and his people know the truth. Even teen-agers knew when I once took a class in a Serbian village school and, with the teacher's consent, conducted a question-and-answer period. But politicians like to believe their words are stronger than facts.

To enhance his own and his country's prestige, to prove that he is not an imperialistic revisionist, to spread his type of "socialism" in competition with the Soviet type, Tito has undertaken extremely expensive trips to Asia and Africa. (The cost runs into tens of millions of dollars.) Now he is fathering a conference of neutrals in Belgrade beginning September 1. President Sukarno told me in Belgrade that he would attend, and that Nehru would too. More than twenty presidents and prime ministers are expected. What they can achieve is a question. I hear that Nehru is cool to the affair, especially since Nigeria, the largest country in Africa, has so far not been invited, nor have Sweden, Austria, and Eire, the European non-bloc countries. The Belgrade gathering, sponsored by Yugoslavia, the UAR, Guinea, Morocco, and Ghana (but Tunisia and Liberia have been left out), is apparently intended to be a conclave of anti-West neutralists, so-called, including Cuba. Tito, having lost his influence in Eastern Europe after he publicly approved Russia's suppression of the Hungarian revolt, and now under constant attack in China and Russia, apparently wishes to become the leader of a new anti-bloc bloc as a rival to Soviet "socialism" and anti-Westernism. This will further underline his independence of America and of Russia. It strikes one as frivolous, for these "neutrals" take help from one or the other or both of the great powers. But personal and national pride is a major factor in world politics and small nations are as eager for it as large. Russia's obedient, compliant satellites in Eastern Europe cannot aspire to a place in sun. Their function is that of ants.

"It's a shame, these days, the people they let become millionaires."

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Self-Expression Under the Crown

By Granville Hicks

IN SOME academic circles there is a warm regard for the *Times Literary Supplement*, which is often referred to affectionately as "The T.L.S." I respect this notable British institution, but I have never been so convinced as some of my friends that it is highly superior to our own *New York Times Book Review*. It is true that the T.L.S. often contains leading articles that dazzle with their erudition, and it pays more attention than our *Times* to works of scholarship. On the other hand, I think that the *New York Times* comes closer to giving adequate treatment to the books that are likely to interest the general reader. This is particularly true of fiction. The T.L.S. frequently lumps together three or four novels that have nothing in common, and the reviewer disposes of each in what is sometimes a rather cursory paragraph. Only now and then, much less often than in the *New York Times*, is a serious novel given a detailed analysis by an informed and thoughtful critic.

Some of my friends think the anonymity of T.L.S. reviewers is a source of superiority. We have anonymous reviews in this country—in *Time*, for instance, and in the "Briefly Noted" section of *The New Yorker*—and I have never been able to see any advantage in this practice. The usual contention, of course, is that anonymity encourages candor, but I don't have much respect for a reviewer who needs that kind of protection. (What anonymity does seem to encourage, occasionally in *Time*, often in *The New Yorker* briefs, once in a long while in the T.L.S., is flippancy.) For myself, I want to know who is reviewing a book and what his qualifications are.

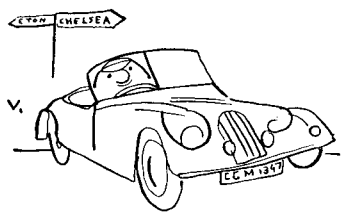
But if the T.L.S. does not seem to me superior in all respects, I am impressed by the supplements that it publishes from time to time. Several years ago it issued a massive supplement called "American Writing Today" [*SR*, Oct. 30, 1954], more recently brought forth "The American Imagination" [*SR*, Dec. 31, 1960]. **"The British Imagination"** is now published in book form (Atheneum, $4.50) and is the occasion for these remarks. There have been briefer supplements from time to time on various Continental literatures. For these supplements the periodical is able to bring together groups of highly intelligent men (and, I suppose, women), and the result has invariably been a brilliant display of critical resources.

The purpose of the present symposium, according to Arthur Crook, editor of the T.L.S., is "to show, to people overseas as well as at home, the British Imagination operating (well or badly) in practice today." He goes on: "And since in this context books cannot usefully be separated from other forms of self-expression, it was decided to take the wide view, to look at as many areas of creative thought and artistic expression as possible."

A wide view is just what is taken. The obvious topics are, of course, covered. There are two essays on fiction, one on literary criticism, three on poetry, one on autobiography. (There is none, curiously, on biography.) There are two on publishing and printing, and one on children's books. There is one on ballet, one on architecture, one on museums. Cinema, television, radio, and the theatre are given an essay each. But there are also articles on religion, philosophy, the universities, psychology, science, and advertising. Then there are two quite surprising and, as it turns out, very amusing essays, one on snobbery and the other on women.

The chief weakness of the symposium is one that was inherent in its conception: most of the authors don't have space enough to do their subjects justice. A few of them, for that reason, have dealt with some small segment of a subject rather than with the subject as a whole. Most, however, have done the best they could within the imposed limits and have managed to say a great deal.

As is natural, the book shows a considerable diversity of opinion, but I did get from it a clear sense that the British imagination is at the moment intensely active in many fields. Nobody makes any large claims; there is no foolish talk about a cultural renaissance; but there is a spirit of hopefulness. In his Introduction Mr. Crook notes that there was much optimism immediately after the war but that later people began to talk about a cultural decline paralleling the decline of England's political influence. Now, he thinks, there are signs of a turn for the better.



One thing that strikes an American is that the popular arts are in a healthier state in England than they are in the United States. The theatre is clearly better off, and so is the cinema. The writer on television has no illusions; he knows that the majority of programs "fulfil the human need to waste time"; but he finds vastly more work of quality than anyone could discover on American television. It is also encouraging to learn that the radio is still taken seriously in England as a medium for dramatic expression.

As for the more formal arts, they seem to be doing reasonably well. The painters, we are told, are now looking towards New York rather than Paris, and some are thriving. British sculpture ranks high in the modern world. Both the writer on criticism and the writers on poetry find evidence of new tendencies. One of the writers on fiction complains that British novels are not familiar with the workaday world, which seems to me not altogether true and in any case not particularly important; there is great variety and great vitality in contemporary British fiction.

One of the most interesting essays, from an American point of view, is that on publishing. A publisher, the writer says, must be "entrepreneur, gambler, and missionary," and he goes on in terms indicating that publishing in England is much more a personal venture than it has become in the United States. He barely alludes to mergers, and he says not a word about stock market listings. He is not sure how long independent publishers can endure, but he has hopes that independence will be preserved even if forms of financial control change.

The writer on education says: "The particular genius of the English, we all know, is the preservation of the past in compromise with the present, so that the first country to be industrialized retains more of the pre-industrial world than most others." We in this country tend to go the whole hog; if we're going to have a mass society, we tell ourselves, then let's have a mass society. The British, on the other hand, believe that they can pick and choose, and at least part of the time they prove to be right. As this book shows, the British imagination is far from dormant at present, and in the years to come it is likely to give us many a surprise.

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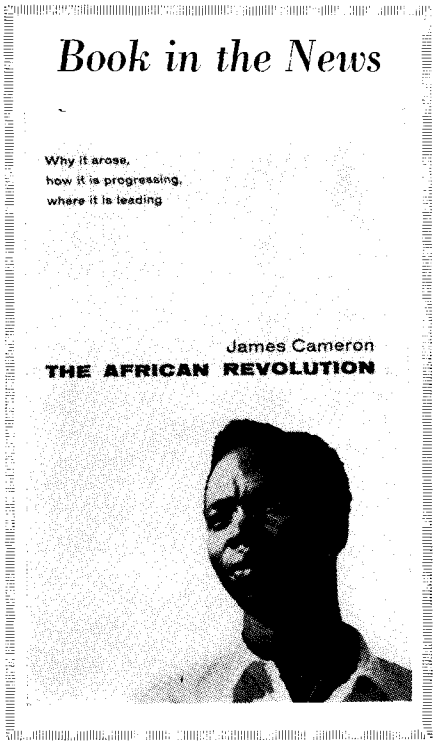

Shared Spirit

By A. A. Castagno, *assistant professor of political science at Queens College in New York. Mr. Castagna spent eighteen months in Africa, about which he has written extensively, has taught at Columbia University and the New School for Social Research, and is a consultant on African affairs.*

WITH one vigorous sweep, James Cameron, the perceptive British journalist, attempts to describe in "**The African Revolution**" (Random House, $3.95) the political changes in a continent whose bewildering heterogeneity defies any one man to understand it all, to feel it all—or even a part of it. The author is ambitious, but he is not pretentious: "This is," he says, "the simplest of guides to the most complex of contemporary happenings: the African Revolution." Running against the current trend of scholars to divide the continent at the Sahara, Cameron finds a oneness not only in geography but in the sentiments that link such divergent groups as the Zulu of South Africa and the fellah of the Nile Delta: culturally, they have little in common, but they share the same spirit of the revolution.

The small size of the book and its comprehensive coverage would seem to preclude historical analysis, yet the author succeeds in supplying enough background information to give the reader some historical depth. In my own reading, however, I was quite disturbed by the frequent lack of historical accuracy. The Turks did not introduce Islam to Ethiopia; the scramble for Africa was not in the eighteenth, but in the nineteenth century; the Somali National League won twenty, not thirty-two, seats in the Legislative Council; the French did not pre-empt Tunisia from the Germans—Birmarck contrived to have France take her; Portuguese Africa is not only Angola and Mozambique; and so on. Cameron gives the former French territories only a perfunctory treatment, and mentions a number of states almost parenthetically.

These are signs of haste, and I would be happier if the author had taken his time. But it almost does not matter, for Cameron has written a lucid and lively book that commends itself to the general reader. Within a few pages he has been able to describe most of the main underlying forces that are shaping the course of African political life. In Algeria and in the southern tier of states —South Africa, the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, Angola and Mozambique—he sees the dilemma as one of white minorities refusing to acknowledge that there is an African revolution. White nationalists in Rhodesia have made it clear that they will not follow the way of Kenya, which is now devolving power to the Africans. South Africa's answer to African claims has been Afrikaner nationalism: a spirit steeped in a perverted concept of divine destiny, having none of the elements of democratic liberalism that have produced the struggle for equality. In Algeria, as in the southern tier, the lessons of the past seem lost. What will be the fate of men who walk in historical blindness and whose sense of human compassion extends no further than the white color line? The author does not know; no one does. The failure to keep abreast of the social and political dynamics of a changing age has invariably led to unbridled extremism, violence, and hatred.

But it is not only the problem of racial conflict that troubles Africa. Cameron is correct in giving attention to what modern Africans themselves regard as the scourge of the continent —tribalism: for one of the main enervating forces on the body politic of the fledgling states is the inexorable pull of the traditional elements in their own society. In Ethiopia they resist and arrest the attempts at modernization; in the Sudan they keep aflame the North-South antagonism; in Nigeria they pervade every aspect of modern politics; in the Somali Republic they threaten the recently won unity of ex-British and ex-Italian Somalilands, and in Ghana they persist as sources of tension. Thus, as Cameron implies, African ruling elites feel compelled to assert strong powers if they are to weld the conglomeration of tribal groups into single national cohesive units and if they are to overcome the barriers of illiteracy and poverty.

ACCORDING to the author, therefor, there are two main revolutions taking place synchronously on the continent: one against white domination and one against Africa itself-against old concepts of labor and property, ju-ju, witchcraft, collective punishment, the unequal status of women, and the powers of the chiefs. African modernists want to emulate the West, as Dennis Osadebay, a well-known Nigerian writer and politician, indicated:

> I'm not ungrateful though I ask
> For more and more good things.
> I cannot rest
> Satisfied with half a loaf or less
> When I know you can give
> the whole bread.

But the African revolution also has Thermidorian elements and bears the mark of cultural ambivalence. (This is a point Cameron does not develop.) Many Africans reject Western culture in their attempt to restore the "African personality" as it is believed to have existed before its "corruption" by European values. Like David Diop, they want to recapture

> The frenzied rhythms of the tom-tom,
> Tom-tom of joy, tom-tom
> of happy abandon,
> Amongst the fires of liberty.

It is Osadebay, however, who best interprets the African modernist mood, for the African revolution is essentially an extension of the twin forces that have been molding world history since the nineteenth century: nationalism and materialism.

Cameron finds all these aspects intruding on African attitudes toward international politics. Most Africans do not want to become identified with either East or West, and some Africans see a solution to their economic and political problems in Pan Africanism. But the continent is too riven by centrifugal forces to permit Pan Africanism a role of political primacy. Can Africa isolate itself from the bipolarized competition of the superpowers? For Cameron, the lesson of the Congo is that "there is every danger of another 'scramble,' for advantages here, for influence there." Beyond this the author will not predict; he notes only that the "experiment is irrevocable; the African revolution goes on."

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PERSONAL HISTORY

Human Side of Power Politics

—*From the book.*

Cartoon by Cabral from *Franc-Tireur*. (L. to R.) Andrei Vyshinsky, Robert Schuman, Ernest Bevin, the author.

"Sketches from Life of Men I Have Known," by Dean Acheson *(Harper. 200 pp. $4), imparts some of the author's experiences and impressions in a crucial and dramatic time. Walter W. Hoffman, a retired Foreign Service Officer, held posts in South America, Germany, and the United Kingdom under the former Secretary of State.*

By Walter W. Hoffman

DURING four critical years of this country's history Dean Acheson was President Truman's Secretary of State. Unlike other appointees to this high office, he had come up through the ranks, having been both Assistant and Under Secretary of State. This service, extending over a period of twelve years, brought him into contact with many of the key statesmen of our times, a number of whom figure in "Sketches from Life of Men I Have Known." The book is exactly what the title suggests: a sketchbook, a series of vignettes. It is in no sense a history of his period in office, although it contains a wealth of material upon which future historians may, and undoubtedly will, draw. There is little continuity and much overlapping—inevitable in a series in which the cast remains more or less the same and only the groupings differ.

Ernest Bevin, who is clearly the author's favorite, is pictured in a wide variety of poses and from all angles. At the other end of the scale, Senators Connally and George are only shown in rough outline, while between these two extremes the thoroughness of presentation varies. Although attention is always focused upon Mr. Acheson's fellow actors on the international stage, the background is carefully detailed. The author presents incidents of both work and play and he includes a full description of the accompanying circumstances—thus enabling the reader to draw his own conclusions regarding the manner in which the various roles were played or at least to assess the validity of the Secretary's judgments.

In Mr. Acheson's galaxy certain figures are remarkable for their absence. The reader cannot help but wonder at the omission of all but the most incidental reference to either of the two Presidents (Roosevelt and Truman) under whom the author served. Moreover, among the foreigners not a single non-European is included. Most surprising of all, Mr. Acheson's colleague and opposite number, Sir Anthony Eden, is not accorded a chapter in his own right but only appears as incidental background. This may be due to a lack of rapport between the two men, which, if this reviewer's memory serves him correctly, was said to have existed.

In the light of present-day criticism of the support accorded dictators by our government, Mr. Acheson's openly expressed admiration for Dr. Salazar of Portugal is interesting, revealing, and courageous. He states:

> I was eager to meet this remarkable man, the nearest approach in our time to Plato's philosopher-king. . . . A libertarian may properly disapprove of Dr. Salazar, but I doubt whether Plato would—though he might worry as to what may happen when the Doctor's great abilities are no longer available.

Irresponsible critics usually overlook the fact that recognition of a foreign government does not necessarily imply approval of it and that an individual may, and often does, combine praiseworthy characteristics with others less desirable.

"Sketches from Life" is excellent entertainment. Furthermore it serves as a vivid and permanent record of the human side of the negotiations that launched the Western world upon the course it still follows. Mr. Acheson's book is, therefore, a delightful and valuable footnote to history.

SPECTACULAR ECCENTRIC: The cynical reporter who considers all politicians rascals is usually disarmed by the one who admits it. Thus it was that A. J. Liebling looked into Louisiana politics, which abounds with unconfessed rascals, and became delighted with Earl Long.

It was not so much simple candor that excited Liebling's admiration as the things that Long was candid about. When he boasted that the right election commissioners could make the most advanced voting machines play "Home, Sweet Home," Liebling applauded; he had found a man who was as honest as a politician could be. When Long told reporters privately, "Between you and me, Lincoln was right," and shouted publicly at an accomplished agitator, "You got to *re*cognize that *Niggers* is human beings," he was certain to win Liebling, the strength of whose liberal temper may be judged by the fact that he considers the New York *Post* an organ of conservatism.

That Liebling went to Louisiana

(*Continued on page* 35)

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Rehearsal for Armageddon

"The Spanish Civil War," by Hugh Thomas *(Harper. 624 pp. $8.50), traces the inner convolutions of a struggle that seemed at the time to exemplify the conflict between Fascism and freedom. Harold Livermore wrote "A History of Spain."*

By Harold Livermore

ANYONE who was alive in 1936, and especially anyone who was not insulated by old age, wealth, or ignorance, can scarcely fail to experience a pang at being reminded of the Spanish Civil War. "For intensity of emotion the Second World War was less of an event than the Spanish war," says Mr. Thomas, who can hardly be accused of subjectivity, since he was eight when it ended. This is true, not merely because Spaniards have a way of polarizing their own and other people's emotions, but because in 1936 we were all beset by inner conflicts and anxieties which three years later had been resolved, partly by the war in Spain. The generation of 1936 was an "angry" one, but stirred by moral indignation rather than by pique and personal frustration. It was deeply divided from its elders, who had learned patience and hypocrisy during the First World War and after, and who had shocked it by their impassivity in the face of the great economic crisis. Youth rejected the old laissez-faire capitalism, now dead and gone forever, and was dismayed to find that those who had averted their gaze from the thinly shod armies of the unemployed seemed ready to lick the brightly polished boots of the new dictators. It wanted a cause. Abyssinia was crucial, but distant. The Rhineland was doubtful, and too quickly over. The ordeal of Spain was near enough, and it certainly lasted long enough. As it dragged on, the enormities of General Franco's friends increased, and the struggle against him seemed to be that of freedom, justice, and reason. Mr. Thomas, who follows the international volunteers through the war and tells where they all went afterwards, estimates the number of Americans, Canadians, and British who fought for the Republic at about 6,000: on the other side, about a dozen. Public opinion in England was nearly three-quarters favorable to the Republic, with less than a tenth favorable to the other side.

In fact, the Spanish war was not a defense of liberalism and enlightenment against a Fascist tyranny or a crusade for Christianity against Asiatic barbarism, simply because there was so much tyranny and so much idealism on both sides, and not enough charity or forbearance on either. As the stale fumes of propaganda dissolve, it is abundantly clear that the world situation was one thing, and that of Spain something quite different. When the war began, there were very few "Reds" and hardly any "Fascists" in Spain. Communism was still thought of as a political conviction rather than a state of pure sin, and even in the middle of the war Spanish villagers would stop to ask what Fascists were, though they knew that they were fighting them.

As seen in Spanish terms, the decline of public order in the first half of 1936 was such that a military *pronunciamento* was to be expected sooner or later. The Spanish army had been political since the Napoleonic Wars and had only been moved out of politics under the Constitution of 1874, when its role was interpreted as that of the upholder of the monarchy and the state. This was its function: how it discharged it is, of course, a separate matter. Normally its intervention would have led to a short dictatorship, followed by still another attempt to find an acceptable political arrangement, and not by a civil war and a quarter of a century of national heartburn. In 1936 war had been made inevitable because the Republic had weakened the army and allowed its own supporters to adopt military measures: when the *pronunciamento* failed in Madrid and Barcelona the government had to arm the masses.

How had Spain arrived at a point at which war could be said to be inevitable? Spain has been at least half liberal since 1810. Yet it has never achieved a satisfactory change of government by a normal electoral process. Until 1930 elections did not make governments: governments made elections. Majorities held elections and won them. Changes of government were achieved by mutual consent, by revolution, by royal desire, or by popular pressure. Spaniards do not possess a vocation for collaboration with opponents. They prefer to abstain. In the nineteenth century the Traditionalists stood aside because they did not believe in constitutional liberalism. More recently the Anarchists stood aside because they did not believe in organized government at all. Even the Socialists have wobbled between a purely revolutionary policy and one of collaboration with the bourgeoisie. In 1930, in a moment of constitutional deadlock, Alfonso XIII abdicated as a result of a municipal election that was rightly interpreted as a vote of censure, though the full results were never published. The Republic was not elected: it simply came into being through the abstention of its predecessor. It did indeed adopt the view that governments are honest, but none fully representative of public opinion. In 1931 the Mon-

—*Wide World.*

"Spanish villagers would ask what the fascists were."

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archists abstained, together with most conservatives, and a large majority was gained for a constitution much to the left of what most Spaniards really wanted, especially with regard to religion and educational policy. In 1933 the right organized itself and women voted, for the first time: they completely reversed the trend of 1931. The defeated parties called this a "black" republic and gave their support to a violent revolt, violently repressed. In 1936 the parties of the left formed a Popular Front on the lines of the French coalition, supported by the Communists, and won a narrow majority. This time Anarchists voted, though of course they did not present candidates. The Socialists, constitutionalists since 1930, were the largest party on the left but refused to enter the government. Their leader, Largo Caballero, had just read Marx and Lenin, and caught a glimpse of himself as a great revolutionary figure. Even the architect of the Second Republic now evaded responsibility: Manuel Azaña, the central figure of Spanish politics since 1930, allowed himself to be elected to the decorative office of president of the Republic, leaving the governing to leaders of more limited reputation and influence.

From this point, read Mr. Thomas's account. He chops up the story of the war and its political repercussions into easily digested chunks, and keeps a long book moving with much adroitness. He is better at describing action than in revealing character. (With Spaniards this is not easy. Ortega asks: How can you expect biography from them when they make life one long toothache?) Anglo-Saxons like factual impressions, however misleading, but Spaniards prefer perceptive lies, accurate but easily exploded. Mr. Thomas makes occasional idiotic concessions to popular style: Isabella II is a "nymphomaniac," Azaña a "homosexual." Some of his statements are wrong. He is generous to Negrín and the Communists, unsympathetic to the Anarchists. Azaña is permitted the last word:

> When the torch passes to other hands, to other men, to other generations, let them remember, if they ever feel their blood boil and the Spanish temper is once more infuriated with intolerance, hatred and destruction, let them think of the dead, and listen to their lesson: the lesson of those who have bravely fallen in battle, generously fighting for a great ideal, and who now, protected by their maternal soil, feel no hate or rancour, and who send us, with the sparkling of their light, the message of the eternal Fatherland which says to all its sons: Peace, Pity and Pardon.

Light on a Lonely Road in Aragon

"By Nature Equal," by Josep M. Espinas, *translated by Anthony Bonner (Pantheon. 224 pp. $3.75), mirrors present-day Catalonia in an account of how a wealthy Barcelona industrialist is forced through a motor accident to recognize the realities of the social order and his own past life. Jaume Miravitlles, formerly Secretary of Information of the Catalonian government, now lives in exile in New York, where he edits the Spanish-language magazine Hablemos.*

By Jaume Miravitlles

THE TITLE "By Nature Equal"—in its original Catalonian "Tots som Iguals" ("We Are All Equal")—may appear to the American reader as a trivial and resigned acknowledgment of mediocre reality. But the equality of which the young novelist from Barcelona speaks has a much more profound meaning.

Let us begin by stating that Josep María Espinás writes in Catalonian, a thousand-year-old language used by the great Raymond Lully (1234-1315), which since the advent of Franco in Spain has lost its official status. So to write in Catalonian is at the outset a somewhat heroic manifestation of the spirit of equality.

Espinás was born in 1927. When the Spanish Civil War broke out he was nine years old. At the end of the war, and by the same token the end of the official use of the Catalonian language, the author of "By Nature Equal" was twelve. Although he studied law at the University of Barcelona, immediately after graduation he felt an irresistible compulsion to write. But in which language? Espinás solved his problem through an authentic split of his personality. When writing for the radio, television, or other media—that is, when he was trying only to explain—he used Castilian (the official language of Spain since Franco). When writing a novel or a short story—that is, when he was creating, when his writing was the reflection of his soul—he used a language learned in his childhood, which constitutes the substratum of his conscience as a writer and as a human being.

At thirty-four Espinás has written several hundred articles in Castilian and seven novels and three books of short stories in Catalonian. He has been awarded the Premi Joanot Martorell (the equivalent of the Pulitizer Prize in the United States), and his novels have been translated directly from the Catalonian into Spanish, German, and English. His literary odyssey, comparable with that of the great Catalonian writer Angel Guimera, testifies to the invincibility of the human spirit.

Here is a small linguistic country, Catalonia, which has been without political sovereignty since 1714. Surrounded by two dynamic instruments of culture, the French and the Spanish languages, instead of being invaded by these powerful neighbors it has found energy to expand its language to theirs. Catalonian is spoken and written in the French city of Perpignan, in Valencia, in Alicante, in the Balearic Islands, from Mallorca to Ibiza, along the Aragon border to the Río Cinca—this in a period when the language is not taught in the schools of its original country and cannot be used in the papers, on the radio, or even in the public documents of the small municipalities.

The fifth novel of Josep María Espinás, "By Nature Equal" is, without question, his best. Its location is present-day Barcelona, and the protagonists are people who live in that great indus-

FRASER YOUNG'S

LITERARY CRYPT NO. 938

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 938 will be found in the next issue.

FOR RAN BEST OBB CUT
PORK AL RAND BELT.
GAMOCUOM KXELC.

———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 937

If we want knowledge without value we can find it in almanacs.
—Norman Cousins.

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trial center: factory workers, office employees, managers. The novel deals with a theme as old as man: fraternity, the transcendent equality of the human being. The senyor Joaquim, *"l'amo"* (in Catalonia, as in the rest of Spain, the boss is called the "owner," *"l'amo"*), goes on a trip and takes as a chauffeur one of his employees, En Pere Jordana. (The excellent translator keeps in the English text the articles "En" and "La," used in Catalonia before the names of persons, men and women.) The trip begins normally, each one playing his own role: Don Joaquim, rather paternal and good-humored, but separated from his employee by a world of beliefs and conventions; En Pere Jordana, his servant, humble but resentful.

While on a lonely road in the Province of Aragon they have an accident. Don Joaquim, unconscious, is tended by his employee, who revives him. This incident breaks the formal barriers that separate them, and suddenly one faces the other as an equal. Don Joaquim is the first to understand the new situation created by the mishap.

We do not know what is going to be Don Joaquim's decision regarding his future attitude in life. His partner, his family, the society that surrounds him, and even perhaps his own selfishness, will give him a thousand reasons to continue as before, living and profiting by the social order of which he is beneficiary, knowing now that it is not permanent.

Around this simple theme Josep María Espinás creates situations, dialogues, flashbacks, comments, which give us a vivid portrait of Barcelona through a neo-realism of European origin, in which the influence of Hemingway, Dos Passos, and Farrell is not absent. Through "By Nature Equal" the American reader will learn how this Catalonian country, the most dynamic center of multinational Spain, lives, dreams, and hopes.

Josep María Espinás belongs to the new generation of Catalonian writers born literarily after the Civil War, the heirs to those who before 1936 created a literature that occupied an honorable place in Europe: Miquel Llor, Carles Soldevila, Oller i Rabassa, Xavier Benguerel, Joan Santamaría, Puig i Ferreter, Josep Pla, etc. Because they were witnesses to or actors in the Spanish Civil War and the terrible years that followed, this new Catalonian generation of writers penetrates deeply into the drama of contemporary man. Besides Josep María Espinás those who deserve to be named include María Aurelia Capmany, Joan Sales, Manuel de Pedrolo, Enric Massó, Blai Bonet, and many others who, in spite of obstacles, continue to write in Catalonian.

A Nation in Subdivision

"The Measure of Victory," by Georges Conchon, *translated by Elisabeth Abbott (Orion. 252 pp. $3.95), personifies in two brothers the infinite complexity underlying "the two Spains" which are still locked in a cold civil war. Arthur P. Whitaker is professor of history at the University of Pennsylvania.*

By Arthur P. Whitaker

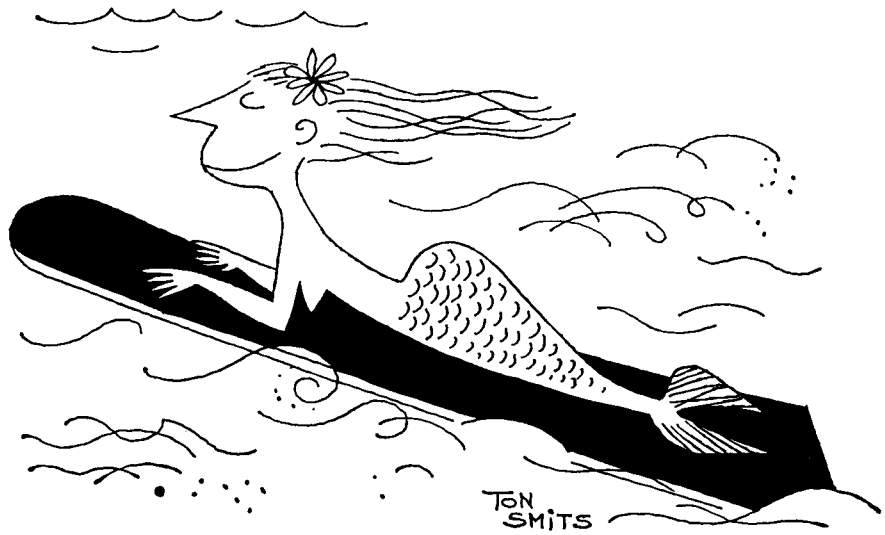
FOR ONCE a book jacket claims too little. Although "The Measure of Victory" is a translation (the French original won the Prix des Librairies in 1959) its jacket is right in describing it as a "vigorous and forceful" story of an "intense personal drama" but scants its range in saying that it "pictures . . . the mood of the Spanish people at the end of the Spanish Civil War." Beyond the mood of that moment in 1939, the novel deals with one of the major themes of modern Spanish history—that of "the two Spains."

This term connotes the alternately hot and cold civil war that the Spanish people have waged against themselves ever since the early nineteenth century. The victory of General Franco's "Nationalists" in April, 1939 ended a hot phase only to open a new cold phase, which is still going on. Franco himself has kept it going. Even after twenty years, in a speech of 1959 dedicating a religious monument to the Civil War dead, he was still waving the bloody shirt and calling on his adherents, identified as "Spain," to continue their "crusade" against the rest of the Spanish people, whom he branded "anti-Spain."

Yet the "two Spains" concept is a vast oversimplification. The division of the Spanish people is not, and never has been, a simple dichotomy. Instead, it has been a multiple fragmentation produced by a chaotic variety of tensions—as between rich and poor, medieval and modern, regional and national, cosmopolitan and nationalist, clerical and anticlerical, military and civil among a people as fiercely fanatical as they are highly individualistic. Some commentators go so far as to affirm that there are as many Spains as there are Spaniards. That is an exaggeration. Yet it is true that even a semblance of the relatively simple "two Spains" dichotomy has been achieved only in periods of exceptional stress. Such a period was the Spanish Civil War of 1936-1939. As soon as it ended, the fissures that had never really been closed reappeared on both sides, Nationalist and Republican alike, and even the victors were held together only by the concentration of power in Generalissimo Franco's hands.

It is one of the chief merits of "The Measure of Victory" that it takes full account of these deep crosscurrents in

(*Continued on page* 42)



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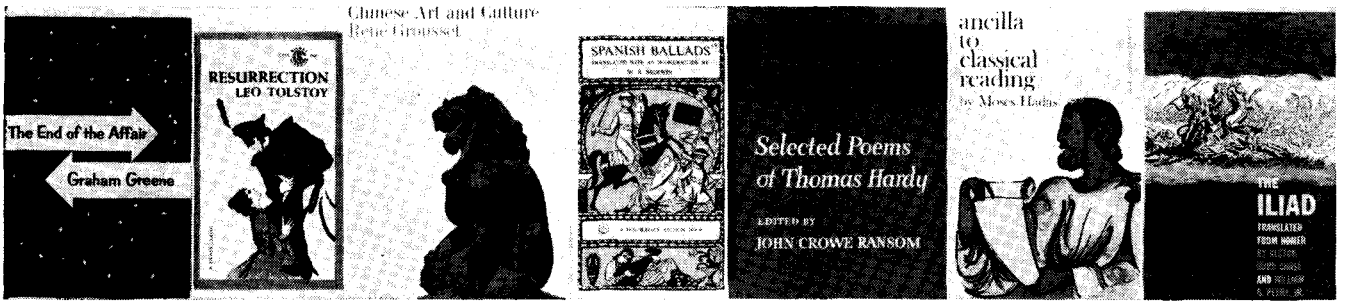

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

WHAT'S NEW: Summer is a quiet time for paperback publishers. Not everyone is at the beach though because fall plans are already well in the works. Bantam has a brand-new series called "The Library of Basic Ideas," which will provide students and general readers with works of well-known philosophers at lowest paperback prices. . . . Bantam, by the way, recently bought the paperback rights to Sir Winston Churchill's four-volume "History of the English-Speaking Peoples". . . . Noonday certainly has a diverse fall list, ranging from Dr. Lawrence Kubie's study of neurotic distortion to Bernard Malamud's novel "The Natural". . . . They used to be called the Brain Trust but now those top-level policymakers are "Men of Destiny." That's the subtitle of Monarch's edition of "The Kennedy Cabinet" scheduled for next month. . . .

YOU CAN'T TELL A BOOK: Many readers wrote in answer to our query about binding paperbacks. Some suggested leatherette covers, plastic finishes, and ready-made kits. Edwin Tunis of Reistertown, Md., sent along a handsome yellow-jacketed edition labeled "Candide," with instructions on his method of binding. At least we thought it was "Candide" until we turned to the first chapter and read, "The water in the oblong swimming pool of the Skylight motel was that brilliant blue-green color Bingo Riggs had seen in picture magazines. . . ." It certainly didn't sound much like Voltaire and a peek under the cover revealed "The April Robin Murders," which only seemed to prove that there are all kinds of good reasons for binding paperbacks. Here are Mr. Tunis's instructions: "Cut a single strip of heavy paper four times as long as the book is wide and 1/8" wider than the book is high. The strip is scored to bend readily in four places: on both sides of the spine and 1/16" beyond the edges of the original front and back covers which are left in place. The new cover is glued to the book only along the spine. More stiffness can be gained by glueing cardboard to the original covers before binding."

Now there's a summer project for you! —ROLLENE W. SAAL.

THE CLASSICS

Recommended for a thorough, sweeping introduction to the history and culture of classical civilization—especially Israel, Greece, and Rome—is W. G. de Burgh's "**The Legacy of the Ancient World**" (Pelican, $2.45). Published originally in 1923, the thoughtful explorations of Professor de Burgh into the antecedents of Western civilization have not lost their pertinence. Another handy and enjoyable book to have around while delving into the classics is Moses Hadas's "**Ancilla to Classical Reading**" (Columbia, $1.95). While scholarly, the book is also fun. Professor Hadas traces the ancient art of bookmaking, reviews the classical world of publishing, gossips and conjectures imaginatively about Homer and his literary descendants, and generally aids us with his good sense and good humor in the appreciation of classical writing.

"**Myths and Legends of All Nations,**" by Herbert Spencer Robinson and Knox Wilson (Bantam, 50¢), is an encyclopedia of mythology. Twenty-two different sections deal separately with myths and legends of peoples like the Japanese, the Celts, and the Americans. Much of the latter are Indian, but Davy Crockett and Johnny Appleseed are not overlooked. One of the most famous books in this genre, of course, is Edith Hamilton's "**Mythology,**" now newly issued by Grosset's Universal Library for $1.95, and in a much handsomer format than the earlier Mentor edition.

Homer's "**The Iliad**" (Universal, $1.95), translated by Alston Hurd Chase and William G. Perry, Jr., should not be a work to take for granted. It can be read today with great enjoyment and profit. Even the hurried modern reader (let him skip the names of the warriors in array) cannot help but appreciate the breadth and depth of Homer's tragic vision.

"**Electra**" and three lesser known plays of Sophocles are now available in a Penguin 95¢ edition. They are translated by E. F. Watling and include "Philoctetes" (in which another view of Odysseus is apparent), "Women of Trachis," and "Ajax."

For Sophocles as well as for the other great Greek dramatists, Homer, especially in "The Iliad," was usually the source of all story and character. More than for just the Greeks, too. Virgil's "**Aeneid**" (Bantam, 60¢), translated by T. H. Delabère-May, begins with the fall of Troy, in its attempt to satisfy Augustus's demand for a Roman epic to rival the Greek. But compared with it "The Aeneid" is cowboys and Indians, Dido notwithstanding.

POETRY

A charming and unusual collection of poetry has been gathered together and translated by W. S. Merwin. "**Spanish Ballads**" (Anchor, 95¢) emerged from the early epic poetry; they take various forms and subjects through the centuries, but constant during their development is an inner music. Sometimes the ballads deal with great historical events; at other times they tell of simple shepherds and lost love. "Face Like a Flower" illustrates the intensely personal note characteristic of many of the poems: "—Open the door to me,/Open it, face like a flower;/You have been mine since you were a child,/How much more so now."

In his Introduction to "**Selected Poems of Thomas Hardy**" (Macmillan, $2.25) the distinguished poet and critic John Crowe Ransom calls the reader's

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attention to the "extremely clean and formal workmanship of Hardy's best poems." Hardy, now best remembered for his novels, had a lengthy career as a poet, and this volume samples both his lyrical verse of the 1860s and the more somber poems written after World War I.

Theodore Roethke's collected verse, **"Words for the Wind"** (Indiana University Press, $1.75), won the 1958 National Book Award. There's nothing of spilling-over in these poems; they are cool, precise, and occasionally overwhelmingly tender, as in "Elegy for Jane: My Student Thrown by a Horse": "I remember the neckcurls, limp and damp as tendrils;/And her quick look, a sidelong pickerel smile/And how, once startled into talk, the light syllables leaped for her. . . ."

Maybe only a semi-recluse bachelor like Lewis Carroll could be so consistently amusing, witty, and ingenious in his poems for young people. **"The Humorous Verse of Lewis Carroll"** (Dover, $1.85) contains excerpts from all his work; the parodies, burlesques, puzzles, and poems are accompanied by notes and the exquisite Tenniel illustrations. **"Through the Looking Glass and The Hunting of the Snark"** (Dolphin, 95¢) is an attractive edition of two endearing Carroll works.

ART

Among the extravagantly handsome books in the Evergreen Encyclopedia series is René Grousset's **"Chinese Art and Culture"** ($3.95). It's an impressive survey of a mammoth subject but somehow the author never gives the impression of being in a hurry. Once in a while he pauses to discuss Taoism or Confucianism and its effects upon art forms. Countless illustrations depict vases, statues, wall hangings, and delicate scroll paintings.

Sir Kenneth Clark, British art historian, has written in **"Leonardo da Vinci"** (Pelican, $1.45) what seems to me a brilliant introduction to the complex subject of Leonardo. Sixty-four black-and-white plates illustrate various periods in his development.

Also available in paperback is **"The Notebooks of Leonardo da Vinci"** (Mentor, 75¢). Pamela Taylor made the selections from the much larger mass of Leonardo's writings.

"This book is not about art but about artists," writes Ira Glackens in **"William Glackens and the Ashcan Group"** (Universal, $1.65), and that is where its charm and interest lie. Greenwich Village in the 1890s and on to the rumblings of the First World War provides the background for Ira Glackens's memories of his famous father and his companion painters George Luks and the Prendergast brothers. Illustrations range from photographs to reproductions of paintings by Glackens and other "ashcan" artists.

FICTION

It's difficult to rank Tolstoy's "Anna Karenina" above his "War and Peace" —except when one is reading it. Then nothing seems to exist except Anna and Vronsky, Levin and the Oblonskys. It took Tolstoy four years to write this second of his great works; he published it finally in 1877. Now **"Anna Karenina"** (Signet, 95¢) has been newly translated by David Magarshack, whose Russian renderings are well known. This translation is a boon; its language is far more contemporary and terse than the Constance Garnett version most of us have read; yet the Magarshack edition doesn't seem to sacrifice accuracy.

Tolstoy's last novel, **"Resurrection"** (Signet, 75¢), was written twenty years after "Anna," when Tolstoy was seventy-one. Its hero, Prince Nekhludov, is clearly a reflection of the author and his vast social conscience. Nekhludov strips himself bare, renounces his way of life, and the enigmatic concluding sentence reads, in Vera Traill's translation, "Only the future will show how this new chapter of his life will end."

Signet seems to be going to town with the Russian novelists lately. They have just issued Turgenev's **"Fathers and Sons"** (50¢), translated by George Reavey. Turgenev's bitter tale of the Kirsanovs and Bazarov the nihilist elicited such strong criticism that he exiled himself from Russia, and in Paris formed his famous friendships with Flaubert and Henry James.

A quarter of a century before Turgenev arrived in Paris, George Sand wrote her famous **"Consuelo"** (Premier, 75¢). It's in the high romantic tradition. In spite of the novel's intrigue and mystery, its reflection of social preoccupation, "Consuelo" never seems more than just historically interesting.

Three contemporary novels are noteworthy. Richard Condon's **"Some Angry Angel"** (Crest, 35¢) tells about a lonely hearts columnist, but, while the book still proclaims the author's talent, it lacks the rich invention of "The Manchurian Candidate," an earlier novel also available in paperback.

"Clea" (Giant Cardinal, 75¢) is the last of Lawrence Durrell's Alexandria Quartet. Together the four books make an imposing collection on the shelf.

The most successful of Graham Greene's novels (to distinguish them by his own term from his "entertainments") is **"The End of the Affair"** (Compass, $1.25). Nowhere else has Mr. Greene so happily reconciled his Catholicism with the tools of the novelist: a good story, original and rounded characters, and a view of life that is universal.

RONALD SEARLE is a wildly comic Englishman whose devilishly witty cartoons have delighted his audience on both sides of the Atlantic. **"The Penguin Ronald Searle"** (95¢) is filled with monocled Britishers and hefty dowagers, absurd in the grand manner. The drawings reproduced here are from a series titled "Signing Off."

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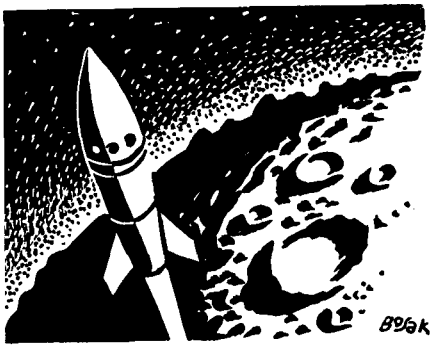
Men, Not Supermen

CONTINUING last week's discussion of psychological factors involved in the U.S.-USSR complex:

Until very recently, most Americans tended to view the Russians as members of a somewhat incompetent and semi-feudal society, stumbling along fitfully from problem to predicament. Their educational system was regarded as lagging far behind the rest of the Western parade. Industrial productive capacity was supposed to be about forty years off the American pace. Some Western economists intoned the belief that there was something fundamentally inconsistent between the Soviet economy and major industrial status. Indeed, publicly expressed doubts about the productive and scientific capacity of the Soviet Union stopped barely short of derision. Mention was made in this space last week of the flat prediction, made in 1945 by the head of the Manhattan District Project, to the effect that Soviet science couldn't produce a nuclear explosive in twenty years, if indeed then. U.S. policy-makers were not persuaded by this extreme view; even so, they were surprised by the detonation of the first Russian atomic bomb in 1949. The surprise turned to sober scrutiny when the Soviet completed its hydrogen bomb ahead of the United States. Then came Sputnik, the assertion of Soviet supremacy in intercontinental ballistic missiles, and, finally, man in space.

The significance of these developments went beyond the fact that the Soviet was putting in a bid for world scientific and technological leadership. The principal effect was to produce an over-reaction in the United States. First came a severe mood of self-examination, even self-recrimination. Our education system was compared with the Soviet system, especially in the field of science. We were found wanting; American teachers were criticized, long-overdue improvements were now authorized for competitive rather than intrinsic reasons. The substantial Soviet lead in the space race touched off a national resolve to put an American on the moon first—even if we had to spend fifty billion dollars to do it.

But the most serious aspect of the over-reaction has to do with the growing feeling that the Russians are unstoppable, invincible, and are riding the wave of the future. This view—that the Russians can do anything—is just as erroneous and dangerous as the earlier view that they could do nothing. It is dangerous because it can produce defeatism or paralysis or both. The Russians are not nine feet tall. Their successes in science and technology are no more the product of their ideology than were their failures. They have progressed because they applied human, not superhuman, energies to certain important goals. These talents were combined with the national resources in a national mobilization. The context was less that of ideology than national pre-eminence. High productivity was the gospel, and not necessarily Marx. Where Marxian ideas tended to slow up production, the ideas were changed. Where incentives and bonuses seemed more useful than dialectics, the dialectics were set aside, at least for the time being. In short, the answer was hard work, sustained work, extra work.



Similarly, their advances in Asia and Africa have not been the result of any inexorable historical forces, but of a determined, consistent effort combined with the attempt to identify the Soviet Union with the dominant needs and hopes of the peoples involved. On the issue of freedom from outside rule, the Soviet has had virtually the entire field to itself; the United States has frequently been forced to equivocate in Asia and Africa because of its European ties. Here, too, however, the Russians are not supermen. Where they have encountered genuine competition from freedom forces, they have given ground. Inside India, for example, they have suffered major setbacks precisely because a dynamic alternative was visible and available, one which saw no contradiction between social concern and liberty.

WHAT we have most to fear is not the triumph of communism but the default of democracy. When we talk freedom, it must be freedom in real terms for the peoples concerned—freedom from outside rule, freedom from feudalism, freedom from exploitation, freedom from perpetual disease and poverty. In short, the time has come to regard democracy not just as a thing of the spirit, noble though that concept actually is, but as a practical design for living concerned with food, jobs, schools, and a creative culture.

It would also help Americans in their approach to the world's majority if they could rediscover the kind of idealism that was native to the men who built their society in the first place. At the heart of that idealism was the belief that America was an idea that spoke to the human potential and not just to a national security system. —N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

MEANINGS AND MORALS

I WRITE IN reference to Ben Ray Redman's review of Henry Miller's "Tropic of Cancer" [SR, June 24]. As a serious student of language and literature, I take exception to the following remarks:

> As for the famous four-letter words, they are taboo—when they are—only because of convention indefensible by reason. "Ordure" and "copulate," for example, have exactly the same meanings as their more common equivalents, and evoke the same mental images. What are being objected to, then, are mere sounds.

Such remarks reflect a profound insensitivity to the facts of English diction as it has been practiced for centuries. The issue of "the famous four-letter words" cannot be dealt with simply in terms of convention or obscenity. Mr. Redman's words and their "equivalents" are actually two different languages—the Latin and the Anglo-Saxon. They do not, except in the most limited sense, have exactly the same meanings, much less evoke the same mental images.

Even Mr. Redman acknowledges, in his next paragraph, that "once a taboo word emerges into general usage it loses its potency." Whence this potency? Not merely from the idea of taboo. Rather, the Anglo-Saxon vocabulary is a tremendously flexible and personal one capable of expressing a range of emotions which the Latin equivalents, when they exist, are ill equipped to handle. Comedy, violence, brutality, disgust, intimacy, contempt, inanity—how are these emotions expressible through Latin words laden with the spirit of medicine and scholarship? They are not so expressible and I hope never will be.

It *is* long since time that we grow up sufficiently to respect the artist's right to use violent, intimate language when it is vital to his purposes. Such language is not "mere sounds," but a very real and revealing part of human experience. I hope it never becomes so respectable that it loses its potency, but if it does, I'm sure we shall all rise to the occasion and create a new Anglo-Saxon.

MRS. DAN FARGO.

Evanston, Ill.

HITS . . .

FOR BEN HECHT's superb piece on the late George S. Kaufman [PHOENIX NEST, June 24], thank you—and him. And an old-fashioned thousandfold amen.

EMMETT DAVIS.

New York, N. Y.

. . . AND MISSES

THE MAN WHO used to do the golf routine with W. C. Fields was not Tammy Young, as Robert Paul Smith had it in his "Brain Dusting" [PHOENIX NEST, June 10]. The man who used to do the golf routine with W. C. Fields was Tammany Young.

EDWIN NEWMAN.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Replies Martin Levin, editor of the Phoenix Nest: "The explanation for this typographical error lies in an item in the piece itself—Murphy's Law ('If anything can go wrong, it will')."*

"Maybe it doesn't work for Republicans."

DOWNBEAT

ENJOYING AND appreciating Hallowell Bowser's editorial "The Embattled Playground" [*SR*, June 17], I was nevertheless left uneasy by his tone. He sounds faintly like the one brave little lady who is always ready to stand up at the PTA meeting and expose her tolerance.

For one thing, the easy stereotypes with which he conducts his discussion of Greenwich Village show a rather remote distance from bohemian and beat life. He misses its fundamental fact: multiformity, hence its resistance to categorization.

And the sort of utilitarian justification Mr. Bowser is at such pains to confer on Village life is after all, perhaps, just another symptom of the self-consciousness of present American society. Ways of living, like works of art, do not require external justification: their value is inherent if it is there at all.

WILLIAM D. CARTER.

Berkeley, Calif.

UPBEAT

MAY I CONGRATULATE Hallowell Bowser for his clear and revealing scenario of the modern-day bohemian as seen in his leading post, Greenwich Village. I have read many "authoritative" essays on the modern scene, but for me this editorial is the truest and the "most."

WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM.

Whittier, Calif.

QUERY

IF THE MEMBERS of the Peace Corps are expected to live as the natives do in the various countries they are sent to, would it be asking too much to let the natives of other countires live in America as Americans do? I am referring of course to the discrimination against the African diplomats mentioned in the editorial "The Calloused Conscience" [*SR*, June 10].

V. MONIQUE MURTHY.

La Jolla, Calif.

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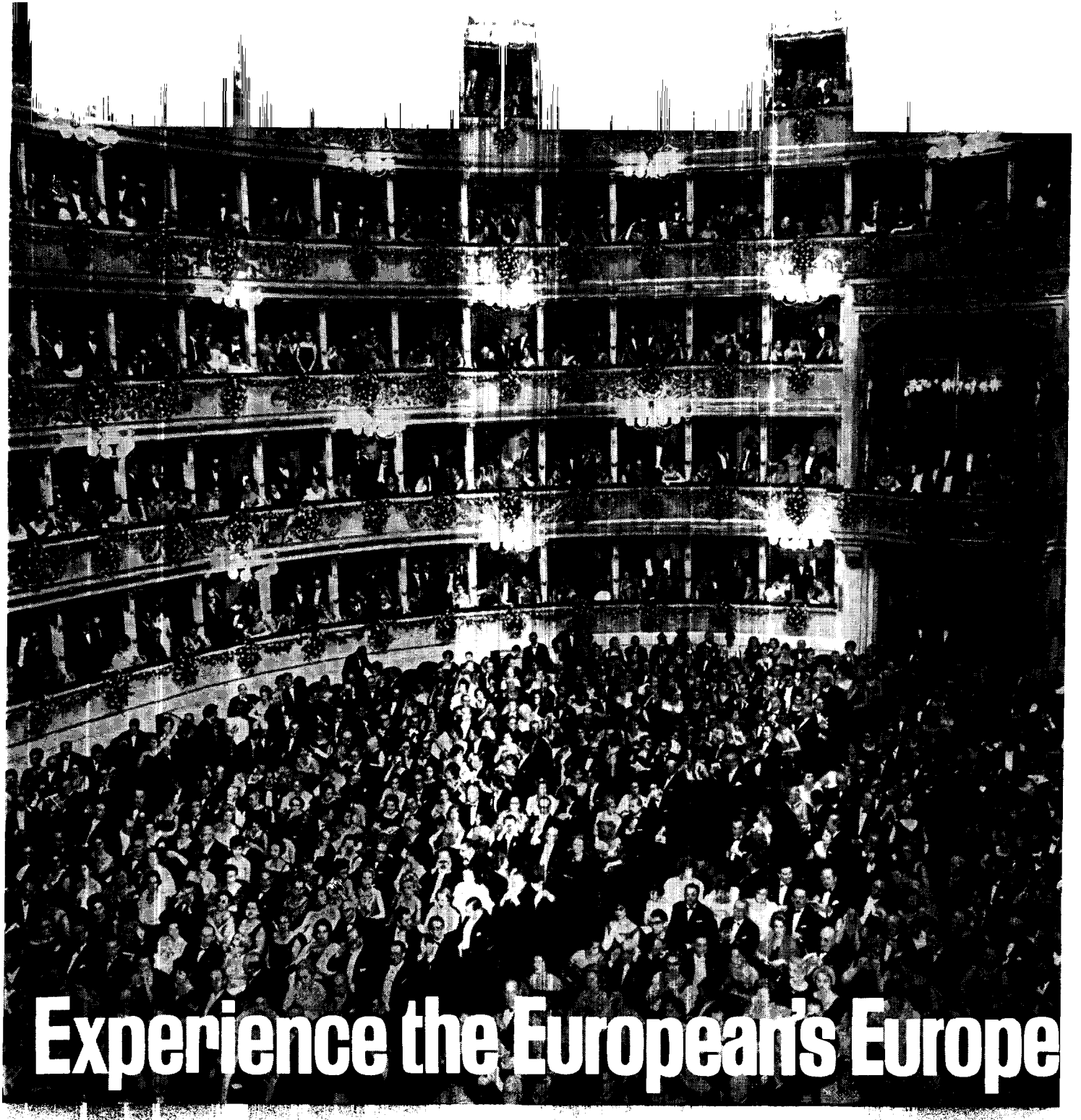

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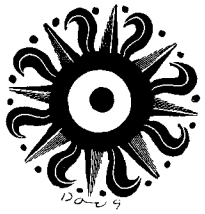

BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Twin Bill

THE PLEASURES of summer are so near at hand, once the ice melts in Minnesota, that, as they were having me believe out there last week, few citizens have to go farther than the corner to climb in a canoe. While this may be something of a stretch for those who are domiciled in the allegedly staid city of St. Paul, it is a very real possibility in Minneapolis, whose city hall is twenty-two miles removed from the city government of its twin. Minneapolis is fairly circled by lakes, of which it has anywhere from thirteen to twenty-two, depending upon which set of city facts you consult or which city father has your ear. Cruising along Minnehaha Parkway—well, that's what they call it—I did come upon enough silver pools all within the city limits to keep a small boy, or a large one for that matter, in a suspended state of ecstasy until Halloween.

—*Pace, Monkmeyer.*

Minneapolis river scene — lakes, legends, and a crosstown cruise.

The whole western side of Minneapolis is a chain of lakes and it is possible to paddle, for example, across town from Lake Calhoun, to Lake of the Isles, to Cedar Lake. The last named is circled by lovely homes, any of whose residents may exit from their front door and saunter down to Cedar's own beach. Lake Calhoun is not only equipped with a beach; it has its own Calhoun Beach Hotel, a resort to which anyone who finds himself downtown and in desperate need of a vacation may repair in a few minutes using local transportation. Adventuresome fishermen are forever chartering a private plane to go tooling off to some northern lake in search of fish, but any twelve-year-old here knows that Calhoun is loaded with bass and northern pike, some of which have weighed in at anywhere from twelve to fifteen pounds.

As the nineteenth century dawned in Minnesota, or about the time the southwestern part of the state came under control of the United States through the Louisiana Purchase, teepees were pitched all around the shores of Calhoun, and the Indians swam and fished and paddled. Canoes and other craft still cruise the lake, and you can see them idling under the drooping trees and among the offshore atolls of Lake of the Isles, a city lake bordered with big homes, many of them heavy with the trappings of another era. Now the home builders have moved out to the suburbs along the shores of Lake Minnetonka some seventeen miles away. But the in-city lakes are still a phenomenon among cities, and Theodore Wirth, the man who laid out the system, has had one of the lakes named after him. Wirth's lake is home for the annual Minneapolis Aquatennial, in which divers fling themselves off high perches into the storied waters and the aquadears perform like waterlogged Rockettes. The ten-day extravaganza, held in July, is preceded by a downtown parade.

Flanking Minnehaha Parkway are Lake Nokomis and Lake Hiawatha, itself a water hazard on the Hiawatha Golf Course. Hiawatha, who is likened to a Christ figure of the Indians, was known to many tribes in North America, but the legends were popularized by Longfellow, who took the story from Schoolcraft, the meter from a Finnish

Toshiko

■ Toshiko Saito has two sides to her engaging personality. Off-duty, she likes to wear pedal-pushers and sneakers and go bowling, the latest western sport to become popular in Japan. On-duty, she's charming in kimono as a hostess aboard a DC-8C Jet Courier of Japan Air Lines. In Toshiko, these two sides are as perfectly complementary as shoji screens inside your new JAL jet. She serves you with that grace every Japanese girl seems born with—is herself such a delightful part of the calm beauty of Japan, while you fly to the Orient at almost the speed of sound.

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"Oh Switzerland! The further it recedes into the enriching haze of time, the more intolerably delicious the charm of it and the sheer joy of it and the glory and the majesty and solemnity and pathos of it grow.... There are mountains and mountains and mountains in this world, but only these take you by the heartstrings. I wonder what the secret of it is. Well, time and again it has seemed to me that I must drop everything and flee to Switzerland once more. It is a longing—a deep, strong, tugging longing—that is the word. We must go there again....."

Mark Twain

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epic, the legends from the Ojibways, and the names from the Iroquois. Nonetheless, the poem was a great success and was critically received as a worthy successor to "Evangeline." Hiawatha's deeds and his name are being perpetuated all over the state in everything from festivals to golf links. Lake Nokomis gets its name from his mother's tribe. The parkway named for his wife, Minnehaha (laughing waters) Parkway, will conduct the visitor to Minnehaha Park, home of Minnehaha Falls. It was here, according to Longfellow, who never visited Minnesota or saw the falls, that Hiawatha, traveling in the land of the Dakotas, met the daughter of the old arrow maker. Longfellow described the site:

Where the Falls of Minnehaha
Flash and gleam among the oak-trees,
Laugh and leap into the valley.

His beautiful daughter was named for the falls, but she was a Dakota, or, as Longfellow spells it, a Dacotah.

"Wed a maiden of your people,"
Warning said the old Nokomis;
"Go not eastward, go not westward,
For a stranger, whom we know not . . .
From the land of the Dacotahs!
Very fierce are the Dacotahs,
Often is there war between us,
There are feuds yet unforgotten."

The love theme almost becomes a redskin "Romeo and Juliet," but Hiawatha

—*Ewing Galloway.*

Minnehaha and Hiawatha in bronze—the parkway leads to the past.

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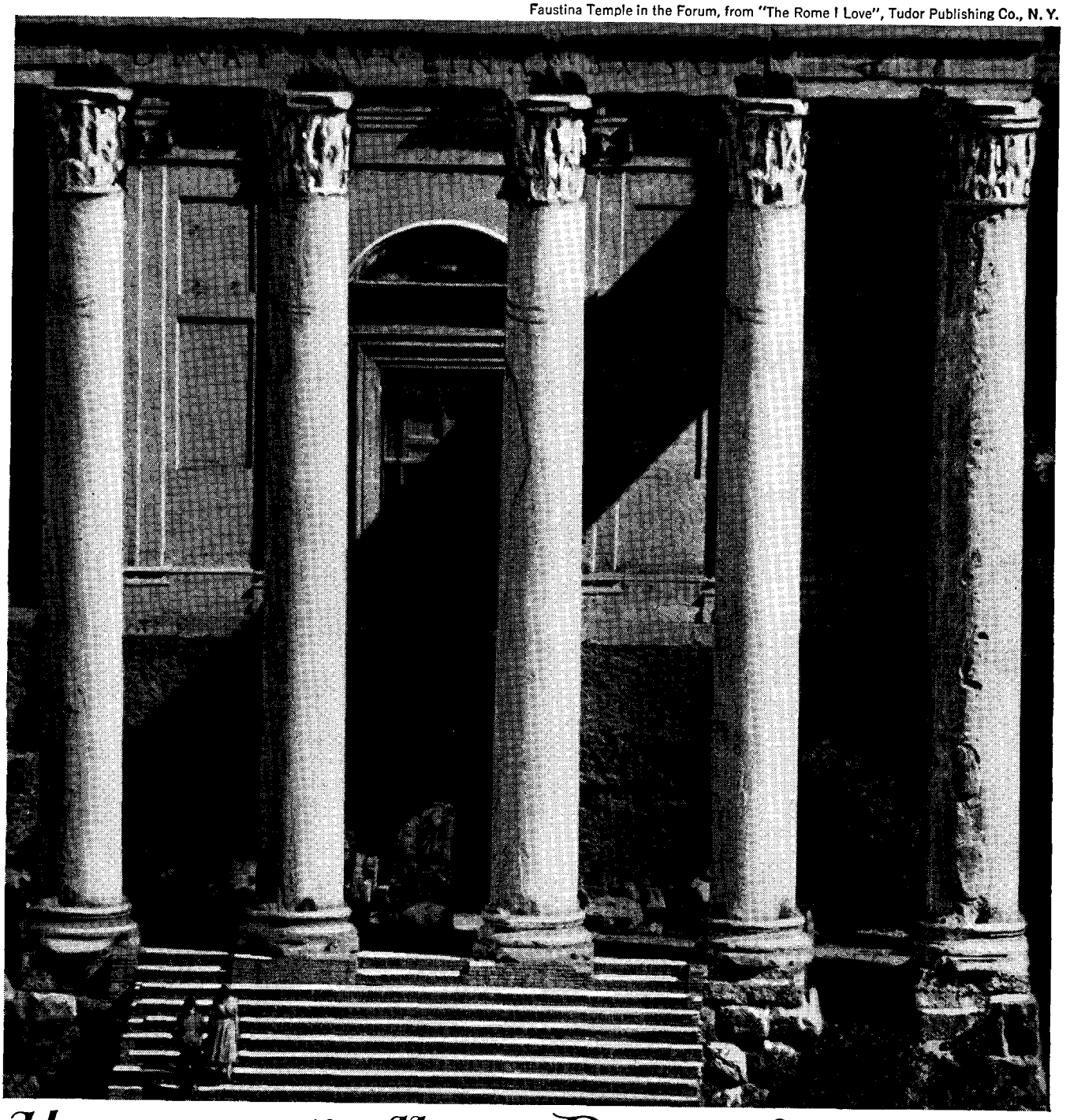
Faustina Temple in the Forum, from "The Rome I Love", Tudor Publishing Co., N. Y.



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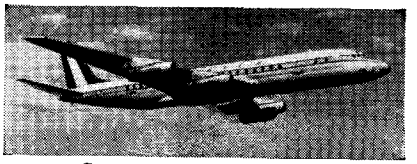

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is equal to solving the situation, and he says:

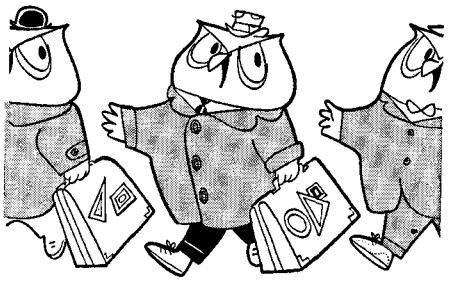
> "For that reason, if no other,
> Would I wed the fair Dacotah,
> That our tribes might be united,
> That old feuds might be forgotten."

In the spring he returned to win her, and a bronze statue above the falls shows him carrying her across the stream, perhaps on the way back to Gitche Gumee, known in some quarters as Lake Superior.

The saga of Hiawatha is brought to life every midsummer in the trim little town of Pipestone, in the southwest corner of the state near the South Dakota border. The setting for the pageant was already trimmed and manicured when I flew down there last week, about an hour's run from the Twin Cities in a small plane. The audience sits in a grandstand or on the greensward facing a lagoon that now fills an old quarry. The legend comes to life on the lagoon and also on the natural stage behind it, an enormous expanse that provides plenty of room for the cast of 300, most of them local people, who don't have to remember lines. The words come from a tape and the action is all pantomime. There are two Hiawathas, Steve Hicks and Crosby Demaray, both youths of ample build, who share the feature role. The dates this year are July 21, 22, 23, 28, 29, and 30, and August 4, 5, and 6.

The cast has played to a bulging crowd of 8,000 at one performance, which is quite a feat for a town of 6,000 which can sleep about 350 visitors. That night the tourists were put to bed as far away as Sioux Falls, South Dakota, a forty-eight-mile ride. What the visitors see in Pipestone, the pageant of Hiawatha aside, is a sort of Indian Garden of Eden, a sacred land where no Indian camped and where no battles were fought. From the ground the Indians quarried the soft red stone used for peace pipes.

The quarries, it is well known, were suffused with an air of sanctity, as in a way they still are today. Quarrying for the soft red stone, which is called catlinite after the American artist George Catlin, who first wrote of the quarries, is reserved to the Indians and in summer they can be seen, in blue jeans (and some in eyeglasses), digging for the stone that will be fashioned into pipes. A good pipe today, sold either at the visitor's center of the Pipestone National Monument, or downtown at the fascinating store called Roe's Trading Post and Free Indian Museum, can cost anywhere from $4 to $30. While Roe's sells greeting cards and tourist dust-collectors, it does maintain a priceless collection of Indian artifacts. As



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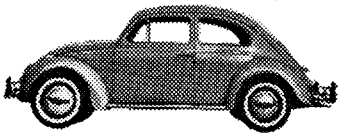

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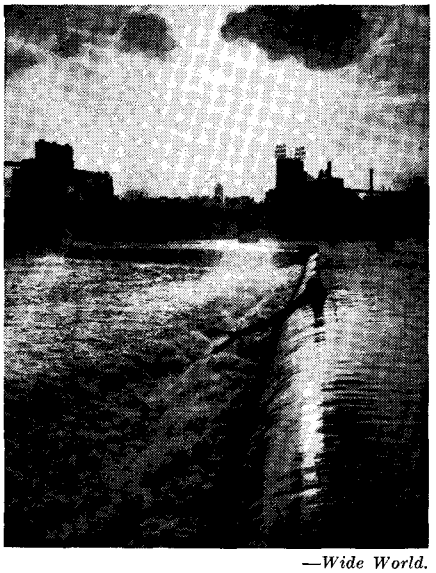
for its pipes, perhaps the best known is the so-called Sioux calumet, which is two to three feet long, with an ash stem decorated with quills pulled out of the hide of a porcupine. Some, handy in peace or war, have a tomahawk head carved on the underside of the bowl. In the old Indian days tribes sent emissaries from the Great Plains area to mine the stone themselves, but others from farther afield sent trading missions to barter for the finished product. Today the Pipestone Indian Shrine Association will sell wholesale or retail; or, if you wish a custom-made peace pipe, send a sketch and they will quote a price. The most expensive stock item ($30) is a large buffalo ceremonial number, but the versatile Redskins will also fashion a war club out of peace pipe calumet complete with buffalo effigy for $10.

Aside from the enterprising citizens tucked away in Pipestone, and perhaps the scattered resort owners tucked away in the northern lakelands, Minnesota seems to be too busy enjoying its own summertime to worry about enticing visitors to come and share it. Maybe, after those winters, it's not fair to blame them. However, there is an energetic hotel building and refurbishing plan afoot in Minneapolis. The venerable Raddison Hotel is adding 200 rooms and undergoing a thorough facelifting. Another $4,500,000 is going into the Leamington, a convention hotel, and there are plans for a new 600-room, $8,000,000 Sheraton. Meanwhile, motels have sprung up in the center of the city, and others, such as the Fair Oaks Motor Lodge, in which I was installed, have been built facing lovely park settings viewable from the picture windows.

While my tastes do not usually func-



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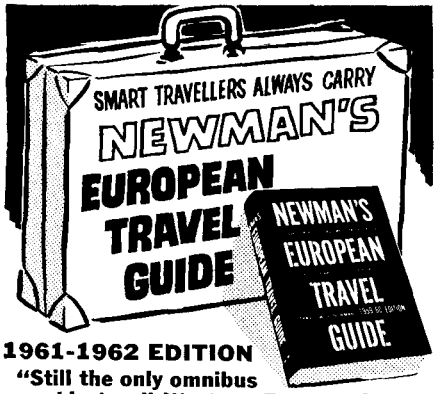

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tion in concert with whoever it is who picks the restaurants for the *Holiday* magazine awards, I do go along with them four-square on their choice of Charlie's Cafe Exceptionale in Minneapolis, where dinner was exceptionale indeed. It was just as good, and the view was better, across the river in the Summit, the rooftop dining room of St. Paul's athletic club, where the avenue far below was a pathway leading up to the domed state capital on the hill, and the floods glowed far in the distance where the Twins were hard at work bringing Minneapolis and St. Paul their first season of major league baseball.

Getting there was, as it is so often, none of the fun. For years the Twin Cities have been served from the east by Northwest Airlines, which now runs a daily jet from New York and which, I say with some awe, astounded me by calling to say that their plane, on the night I was scheduled to take it, would be an hour and fifteen minutes late. That courtesy, as I have long regretted, had, I thought, gone out of style with vaudeville. However, some glib girl on the switchboard failed to check when I called again before journeying out to the airport and so I, and some 120 other passengers, were not advised of a further delay that lasted from the scheduled 7:45 p.m. departure time until the early dawning hours. The announced cause: a faulty altimeter.

Although my space homeward had been reserved ten days in advance and had been reconfirmed on three separate occasions, the flight, on my arrival at the airport at departure time, had been oversold and angry passengers, all in possession of validated tickets but no seats, were about to storm the counters. An airline official stemmed the panic by offering anyone who would defer to a later and slower flight a free ticket. Passengers who held first-class tickets were shunted into tourist class, and the plane, now forty minutes late because of the inefficiency of the reservations department, was held on the ground in Minneapolis another half an hour with passengers strapped in their seats, until the morning fog lifted in New York, a mere two jet hours away.

It is only fair to say that happier air days are ahead for Minnesota, for Minneapolis is putting the last dabs on a sparkling new airport, and besides that, United Airline's merger with hapless Capital Airlines will give the Twin Cities a new link with the East, perhaps using United's new Caravelles, the middle-distance jet with the burners on the side of the fuselage. The competition is expected to put new spirit into the airline service to Minneapolis. At least there will be fewer palefaces turned into redskins by the bungling at the counters. —Horace Sutton.

Chess Corner No. 57

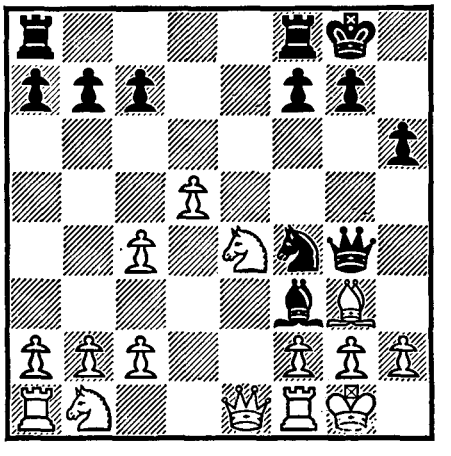
THE notion prevails in the minds of most people that chess is an interminably long game, sufficiently so to tax the patience of the most forbearing. To a degree, this is true. In the last match for the world championship, one of the games went over 120 moves; and at the rate of 40 moves in two and a half hours per player, it is easy to see that some fifteen hours were consumed, although in three separate sessions. It must be noted, however, that this was exceptional. The average tournament game requires between 40 and 45 moves and, depending upon the importance of the contest, will last from four to six hours. But this is only part of the story. Nowadays the pace of the game is accelerated to meet the needs of the occasion. Chess timing devices can be set so that the entire game takes no more than 10, 20, or 30 minutes. A clock game can thus be played in a lunch hour. Or 30-30 (30 moves in 30 minutes) can be played, which will give a probable duration of ninety minutes per game. Or rapid transit chess can be played at 10 seconds per move. Here is a brilliancy played at 10 seconds per move:

TWO KNIGHTS DEFENSE

	Otis Field White			Oscar Tenner Black
1	P-K4	P-K4	6 P-Q3	P-KR3
2	N-KB3	N-QB3	7 N-B3	P-K5
3	B-B4	N-B3	8 Q-K2	NxB
4	N-N5	P-Q4	9 PxN	B-QB4
5	PxP	N-QR4	10 KN-Q2	O-O

Up to here it is all "book." Black has sacrificed a Pawn for better development.

11	O-O?	B-KN5	14 B-B4	Q-N5
12	Q-K1	Q-Q2!	15 B-N3	N-R4!
13	N-N3	B-B6!	16 NxB	N-B5
		17 NxKP	.....	



It is almost inconceivable that the game will be over so soon.

17 ..... Q-R6!!
18 Resigns

—Al Horowitz.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Aimez-Vous Sagan?

THE LOVES, the hopes, the despairs of the woman of forty are elegantly if not profoundly set forth in "**Goodbye Again,**" an adaptation by Samuel Taylor of Françoise Sagan's thin little novel, "Aimez-vous Brahms." One must understand that it is not just *any* woman of forty. First of all, she is Parisian, intelligent, cultivated, talented, charming, and quite beautiful. Secondly, she is played by Ingrid Bergman. She dresses marvelously, dines either at Maxim's or at one of those intimate discoveries of the smart Parisian set, and has, naturally, a lover, the rich, attractive, and altogether wooden Yves Montand. For five years she has had this lover, and it is a time for either marriage or breaking up, particularly since his ardor has begun to cool, and he has begun to chase sexy little girls in his Facel Vega.

At this point, into her life comes young Philip Van der Besh, a spoiled, puppyish, American rich boy, being given a European tour (and some training in law) by his mother. Sensing a void in her love life, he quickly leaps in. Miss Bergman handles the forty-year-old Paula with some accomplished artifice, but it is Anthony Perkins, as Philip, who gives what would otherwise have been a totally lugubrious story a sense of life and, now and then, fun. He invests the twenty-five-year-old junior sophisticate with a kind of crazy, Salinger-like mixture of naïveté and worldliness. He dashes about in his MG, he sulks, drinks, pretends, and allows us to glimpse, behind the front he continually attempts to erect, his mixed-up state of bewilderment and pain.

No one, of course, can completely cast Miss Bergman into shadow, and she pulls out a few organ stops of her own (always in a minor key, though) in an attempt to compete with the astonishing Mr. Perkins. Left out of the competition entirely is Yves Montand, whose expressive ability ranges between mild and utter boredom. Amongst continually handsome settings, and a pretense at portraying upper-crust Parisian social life, the little drama perilously skirts the fringes of soap opera, and winds up with just the polite amount of fashionable despair. The only one who has touched us is Philip, and it's rather a shame the story was not focused entirely around him. The direction by Anatole Litvak has polish and, when Perkins is around, spirit.

While the above film very clearly takes place in Paris, it is not at all clear where "**By Love Possessed**" takes place. An American small town, presumably, somewhere in the East—perhaps Massachusetts, New Hamphire, New Jersey, or Maryland—it is called Brocton, but someday, I suppose, it will be called Jerrywaldsville. He, by the way, has not produced this movie, but there is no doubt that his influence is spreading in Hollywood. It's that same town; exterior placid, interior rotten. And it should be mentioned at once that any resemblance between the movie and the James Gould Cozzens novel on which it is based is purely one of superficial plot coincidence.

Wherever Brocton is, you may be sure that sex winds its tentacles around the town, and even invades the offices of the leading law firm. One lawyer, impotent, drives his wife to drink and into the arms of his partner. The son of that partner parks too long in a car with the town nymph and is accused of rape. A rich orphan girl commits suicide because the son won't let her understand him. Eventually placidity returns, with everyone now a little

wiser and sadder, and more understanding. The older group are played by Lana Turner, Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., and Jason Robards, Jr., the younger ones by George Hamilton, Susan Kohner, and Yvonne Craig. Everyone assiduously pretends the story has some meaning, but of course it hasn't—not as it is written by John Dennis—and the direction by John Sturges provides only a pervasive emptiness. Hollywood, it would seem, is developing a new category—movies made neither for children nor for adults.

For adults, on the other hand, is "**Secrets of Women,**" made some years ago by Ingmar Bergman, and understandably delayed in arriving here. Telling several artificially related vignettes involving women, their lovers and husbands, it has a slow pace and the humor is seldom more than pallid. Yet, for all this, the people seem quite real, there are flashes of genuine insight, and the acting is always competent. Particularly good are Eva Dahlbeck and Gunnar Bjornstrand, and Miss Dahlbeck's, it can be said, is the most interesting secret.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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TV AND RADIO

Dave Garroway Tomorrow

THE American society is marked by split levels of attention as well as of ranch-house construction. Ten years ago, when the legendary Sylvester Weaver, Jr., of NBC-TV, proposed that his network begin broadcasting at seven o'clock in the morning, many professionals thought him quite mad. Now we are no longer astonished that "Today," the NBC program that runs five days a week from 7 to 9 a.m., should reach (allegedly) 3,100,000 viewers at any average moment of its two hours on the air. Network and agency people are rarely among the program's reputed 6,000,000 watchers every day. Somebody must be out there, though, for the program reportedly earns some $8,000,000 annually. Since "Today" made its debut in January, 1952, I have not been a frequent viewer, but I have always agreed that the program was properly numbered among TV's better things. My affirmative image was shaped by two words—Dave Garroway.

He recently resigned from the "Today" program. Four NBC newscasters are taking turns in his place while the network ponders a new anchor man to keep its profitable morning marathon going successfully. Indispensability is a misguided notion in human affairs; so is prejudgment. It will be difficult, however, for the program soon to recapture an individuality as unique as the one provided by Garroway. He is a television primitive, in pure, qualitative form. Chicago network TV (when it existed) was his breeding ground—informal, low-budget, low-pressure, intelligent. With rumpled jacket and tousled hair, he struck the fresh, young note in television before the standardized legions moved in and boiler-plated the actors, announcers, and personalities. Uprooted for a while to New York evening television, he found a more congenial niche as Mr. Weaver's original "communicator" on the "Today" show. To pick up an unconnected phone on his desk and "talk to anyone anywhere in the world" soon revealed its essential frivolousness: Garroway settled down to project facts, ideas, and early morning kitsch to millions of split-level attention viewers.

Moneyshines notwithstanding (there was an interlude when he was teamed with J. Fred Muggs, an AFTRA chimpanzee, to bolster modest ratings), Garroway in increasing measure reflected his genuine concern for individual worth in a real, explosive world. His program became a stopover for international diplomats. In his last twenty weeks, he reviewed an average of three new books per week, often interviewing authors. Almost 50 per cent of our Senators and some 30 per cent of our Congressmen are reported to have watched him regularly. President Kennedy appeared for the first time on television as Chief Executive on "Dave Garroway Today"; and the President chose the program to introduce his entire Cabinet to the American people. As with Westinghouse, you "could be sure"—even though you didn't see the show—that Garroway was communicating something useful to the audience each day. He was not a member of the NBC news staff and he and the network management must be credited with mutual respect and good judgment; he was only questioned about one remark in ten years—and that a small matter.

Dave Garroway salutes his audience with the word "peace." He has left "Today" to seek wisdom. In an unusual statement, largely ignored by the press, he explained that he badly needs time to read (not flip pages), to think, and to re-examine his goals and values. He says, too, that he "must be the best father I can be to three beautiful and exciting children, during a critical period in their lives." He wants to look through a telescope, a research microscope, and *listen* to people. He sent copies of John W. Gardner's book, "Excellence," to friends recently, impressed by its importance. The author writes: "What we must reach for is a conception of perpetual self-discovery, perpetual reshaping to realize one's best self, to be the person one could be." To interrupt a successful career for such a quest is an act of integrity. One hopes the medium will do a bit of questing of its own while he takes his hard-earned sabbatical. Yes or no, with or without added wisdom, television will need "Dave Garroway Tomorrow."

—Robert Lewis Shayon.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

X-ITS

The graph herewith represents words of the assigned lengths each of which ends in *x*. M. K. Indcox of Great Barrington, Massachusetts, asks you to fill in the blanks with the letters required by the definitions in Column Two. Answers on page 66.

1.	_ _ _ X	essential point
2.	_ _ _ X	bend
3.	_ _ _ _ X	Indian tribe
4.	_ _ _ _ X	antiseptic compound
5.	_ _ _ _ _ X	inscrutable one
6.	_ _ _ _ _ X	zenith
7.	_ _ _ _ _ X	end of spine
8.	_ _ _ _ _ X	verbose
9.	_ _ _ _ _ _ X	bewilder
10.	_ _ _ _ _ _ X	military formation
11.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ X	religious symbol
12.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ X	manifold
13.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ X	scene of Confederate surrender
14.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ X	English county
15.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ X	scar
16.	_ _ _ _ _ _ X	pustule
17.	_ _ _ _ _ _ X	seeming contradiction
18.	_ _ _ _ _ X	place before
19.	_ _ _ _ _ X	curving outward
20.	_ _ _ _ _ X	whirlpool
21.	_ _ _ _ _ X	sentence structure
22.	_ _ _ _ X	boy friends
23.	_ _ _ _ X	heat-resistant glass
24.	_ _ _ X	continuous movement
25.	_ _ _ X	wheedle

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Personal History

Continued from page 18

in the summer of 1959, when Long was ricocheting from one mental hospital to another, is probably beside the point. The belief is popular in Louisiana that the late Governor was not really crazy—or, as he himself put it, no crazier than he ever had been—but was merely more outrageous than usual. And it is obvious that a man who during his best days goes to a supermarket in an $11,000 Cadillac to take advantage of a forty-nine-cent special on ten pounds of potatoes and gets home with 100 pounds of potatoes, $300 worth of alarm clocks, and eighty-seven dozen goldfish in individual water bags will confuse psychiatrists on days when he's feeling low. In **"The Earl of Louisiana"** (Simon & Schuster, $3.95) Liebling settles everything by observing that anyone who goes to racetracks, which are richly therapeutic, cannot be out of his mind.

Liebling's liking for spectacular eccentrics makes Long seem more admirable than he was, but this curiously valuable book provides a better perspective than the headlines. The author's own artful wanderings—he comments extensively on horses, food, the press, boxing, and Lebanese politics—are so like Long's own wild analogies that one suspects that this is a case of a biographer and a subject who were made for each other.

—William L. Rivers.

SAINTLY POLITICIAN: Of the many books about Gandhi not all have hewed to the line of truth set down by the Mahatma in his own autobiography. This book does. By painstaking search over more than a decade Ranjee Shahani, journalist, creative writer, and at present a faculty member of the New School for Social Research, has sought out many intimate details of Gandhi's personal life and the evolution of his thought.

"Mr. Gandhi" (Macmillan, $4.95) is not a major biography of India's greatest modern leader; only in barest detail has the author given the story of the Mahatma's long political career. For this reason alone we could hardly expect a full-scale analysis of the interplay of forces in the Indian struggle for freedom from Britain. Gandhi's policy of nonviolence joined with the British conscience to produce a profound historical change about which we know only too little as yet.

More startling for readers who know of Gandhi, the saintly leader, is the information here of his life-long struggle to attain self-discipline. It is in this vein that the book lights up the dualism one senses about Gandhi in reading his own life story. That Gandhi's severe dietary habits, sexual continence in marriage, and driving will harmed or hurt members of his family and others close to him is brought out clearly. The author has refrained, however, from giving a full analytical interpretation of Gandhi's psychology. Even when this is done Shahani's deft and swift portrait will doubtless appear well balanced. Sir Stafford Cripps's view of Gandhi, quoted by Shahani, is borne out in many ways by this biography: "a saint who was too political and a politician who was too saintly."

—Grant McClellan.

SHE WHO WAS BEHEADED: Scotland's history is smeared with a trail of blood, as is the life story of Mary, Queen of Scots. It is about the only really Scottish thing about her, and "the deep understanding of a fellow Scot," which N. Brysson Morrison is alleged to have brought to her new biography, **"Mary Queen of Scots"** (Vanguard, $4.50), is largely irrelevant. The dowager-queen of France never grasped the nature of an unpredictable people, and the few, very few, Scots who were ready to win all or, more realistically, to lose all for their monarch never understood her. She was a most unhappy woman but her misfortunes came mainly from her own ignorance and shallowness. True, she was thrust into a politico-religious situation of searing difficulty, but, then, so was Elizabeth I, a much more complicated woman, whom Mrs. Morrison dismisses as "matter-of-fact." Elizabeth knew in her bones something that Mary never even glimpsed: that princes and private persons are totally different things, and that, to survive, royalty must be shot through with responsibility. Mary's lack of political sense was almost complete. Her much admired religious tolerance was a reflection of an incapacity for hard thinking. She had her Bothwell; Elizabeth, her Leicester—but also William Cecil. A whole world lies between them.

Mrs. Morrison has written a tedious book, full of loose ends and unrelated pronouns, interlarded with self-conscious Scotticisms. Indeed, the "general reader," to whom the book is addressed, might prefer a glossary to a pawky index. What will he make, I wonder, of this high-sounding nothing: "As we look at this woman taking her place in history, it is seen that she and she alone could have been Mary Stuart"?

In the twenty years since the last study of Mary's life was unfolded new and searching views have been taken of the period, notably of the Scottish reformation. A serious historian would have considered them and might have spent rather more time on Mary's long incarceration in England. But the poor woman has fallen once again into the clammy hands of a "historical novelist." A fate worse than death.—Ivan Roots.

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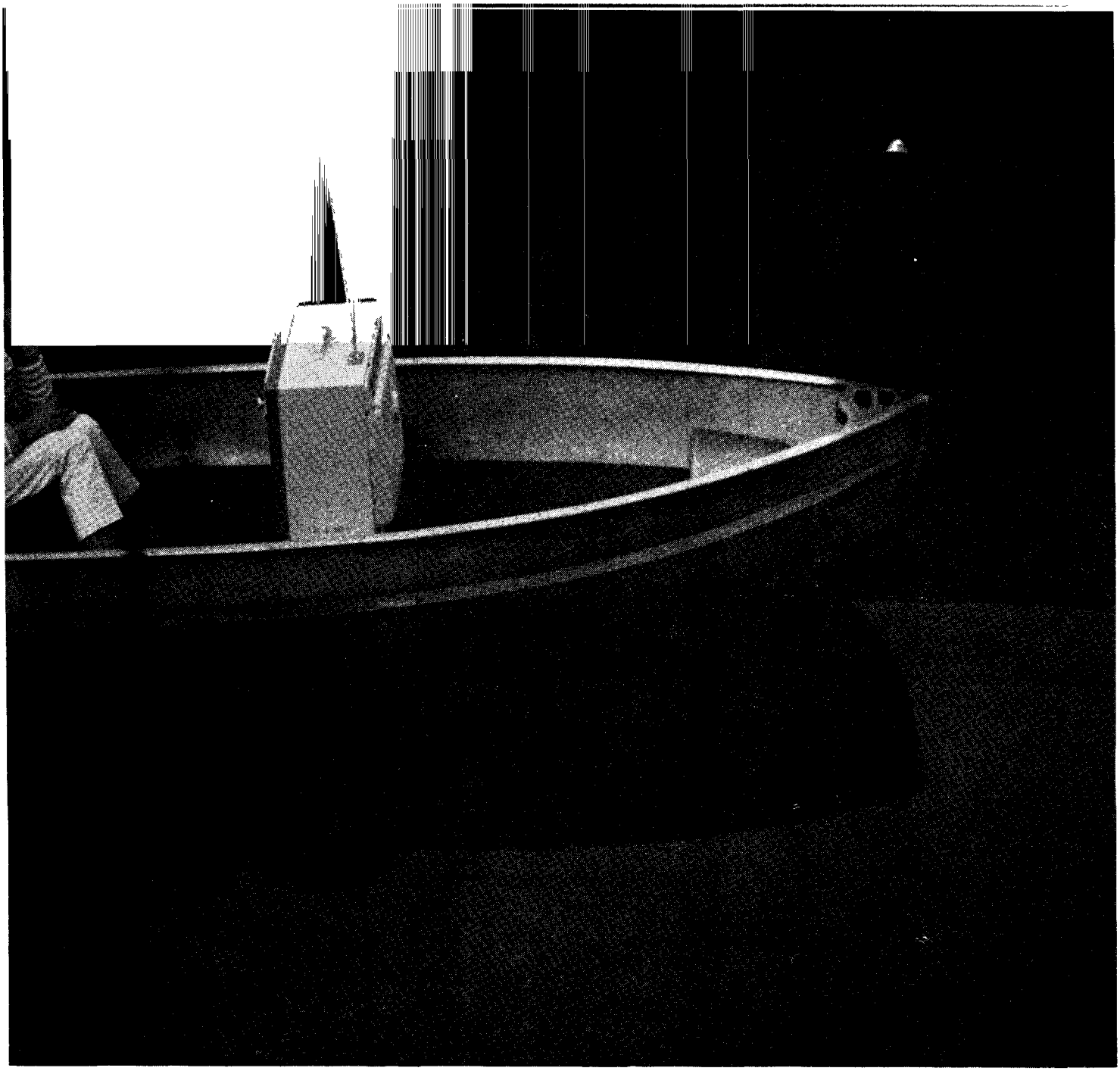

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Aug. 1	The Cold Woman	Tuesday 10:00-11:00 PM
Aug. 8	The Working Mother	Tuesday 10:00-11:00 PM
Aug. 22	Mother and Daughter	Tuesday 10:00-11:00 PM
Aug. 29	Change of Life	Tuesday 10:00-11:00 PM
Sept. 5	Margaret Bourke-White Story	Tuesday 10:00-11:00 PM
Sept. 12	Will Rogers Story	Tuesday 9:00-10:00 PM

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MID-MONTH RECORDINGS

A Listener's Guide to Paperbacks

By DON HENAHAN, *music critic, Chicago Daily News.*

AN INNOCENT interviewer once asked the late Sir Thomas Beecham to name his favorite writers on music. At which Sir Thomas bristled, drew himself up, and said witheringly: "Sir, there *are* no good writers on music."

The instinctive reply of a true musician, of course, but not really an accurate judgment. Sir Thomas himself, after all, wrote often and well on the subject, and was loudly proud of a thirty-five-word biography of Handel that he once was commissioned to do for a picture postcard series on the great composers.

A look at the paperback book racks not too long ago, however, might have been enough to persuade one that publishers concurred in Beecham's estimate. When *SR* summed up the musical paperback situation last, in the issue of May 25, 1957, only twenty-seven titles could be found in the realm of what is universally, if not quite accurately, known as classical music.

Moreover, perhaps half of these were of the rudimentary sort that, while always needed, does little to help refute Beecham. Today, however, as an inspection of the accompanying list will show, salutary things are happening. Publishers increasingly are bringing out the genuine classics of musical literature; and while not neglecting the uninitiated reader they are beginning to cater to the sophisticated as well. It is even becoming possible to find paperbacks appealing to those who yearn to pick up technical instruction in the musician's craft.

There also has been a proliferation of paperbacks in the areas of folk and popular music, and an attention to jazz that would have seemed improbable only a few years ago. Evergreen alone has half a dozen jazz contributions, and many other publishers have been busy, too. A separate discussion at a later date might be needed to do justice to the non-classical entries.

Pre-eminent examples of writing about serious music available between limp covers are several full-scale critical analyses. Such a famous entry is Karl Geiringer's "Brahms: His Life and Work," by the authority who was the first to study thousands of the composer's letters and other documents in the files of Vienna's Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde. Francis Toye's "Giuseppe Verdi" and Edward J. Dent's "Mozart's Operas" also are classics for their discussion of both the works and the man, and Ernest Newman's "Wagner as Man and Artist" is a critical study that for musical and psychological insights is not likely to be surpassed.

The frighteningly erudite Sir Donald Francis Tovey's seven-volume "Essays in Musical Analysis" is not yet on the list, but "The Main Stream of Music and Other Essays" is. Gilbert Chase's revised "The Music of Spain" and Joseph de Marliave's scholarly and exhaustive "Beethoven's Quartets" are, too. All these are heady evidence of the serious turn the musical paperback has taken.

Although all were first published many years ago, these still are definitive works and their appearance is reason for celebration. The same may be said of Ernest Newman's "Great Operas," thirty unabridged essays in two volumes taken from his "Seventeen Famous Operas" and "More Stories of Famous Operas." Most other opera commentators sound bumbling and ill-educated after Newman. The paperback phalanx now also includes Romain Rolland's "Essays on Music," a collection of the perceptive Frenchman's best work. Despite his amateur standing, Rolland's depth of culture and not inconsiderable technical grasp make his dicta wear remarkably well. Another admirable essay collection, "European Music in the Twentieth Century," is as *au courant* as the audio-frequency oscillator. Whereas Rolland deals with Beethoven, Gluck, and Lully, these essays do the great service of exposing for serious evaluation such Young Turks of the hour as Berio, Nono, and Boulez—as well as the more usual Schoenberg, Bartók, Stravinsky, and Webern.

Even more contemporary, if that is possible, is André Hodeir's delightfully inflammatory "Since Debussy," which abounds in such casual statements as "Now, once we agree that Hindemith's music is a lamentable error. . . ." Such insouciance is hard to resist. Hodeir's book is a frankly journalistic pitch rather than reasoned criticism, the aim being to promote the career of one M. Jean Barraqué, thirty-three years old, and until now unknown. But, since the French critic denounces all other composers since Beethoven, it is impossible not to find *something* to agree with in his jeremiad.

For the musically trained reader, there are a cheering number of books that go into specifics instead of sticking to the "Music Can Be Fun" gambit. One of the more stimulating is Leonard Meyer's "Emotion and Meaning in Music," which treats the composer's art in terms of tension and relaxation, poetic meters, and the insights of Gestalt psychology. His synthesis from the disciplines of esthetics, musical theory, poetry, and psychology drives home undeniable points, unpalatable as they may be to sectors of the *avant-garde*.

In the practical area of music-making itself, one of the best reprints is Sergius Kagen's "On Studying Singing." If read and understood by all students, this slim volume would drive 90 per cent of the singing teachers out of business. Kagen's contention is that those who hope to acquire a musical ear by study are doomed to disappointment, and that all teaching of potential professionals should be grounded on this hard rock of heredity. Howard Shanet's "Learn to Read Music," however, recognizes that adult music listeners can and should acquire an understanding of the fundamentals of notation, and it offers step-by-step instruction for determined neophytes.

FOR more advanced amateurs, Charles Cooke's "Playing the Piano for Pleasure" has been a witty and enlightening sourcebook for twenty years. Among elementary technical paperbacks, there is nothing so lucid or sound as Robert Erickson's "The Structure of Music." This one is worth a barrel of the usual music-appreciation pap, and could be investigated profitably by all (even some musicians) who feel their grasp of essentials is not what it might be.

Of special interest on the reference shelf is Pelican's "Chamber Music," an exceptionally useful though compact collection edited by Alec Robertson. Penguin also has the only soft-shell dictionary, "The New Dictionary of Music," by Arthur Jacobs, replacing the earlier and somewhat unsatisfactory one by Robert Illing. Penguin's "The Symphony" has been withdrawn, probably for revision and reissue.

There are several good brief histories, the best being Carter Harman's "A Popular History of Music" and Alfred Einstein's "A Short History of Music," both soft-cover stand-bys. But now delvers-in-depth are beginning to be served, too, with the appearance of Volume I in the ambitious "Pelican History of Music." This 319-pager could be picked to shreds by any specialist

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but it makes a handy guidebook to what happened along the journey "From Ancient Forms to Polyphony," or roughly from 2000 B.C. through Ars Nova and the Quattrocento.

Full-fledged critical biography of the Geiringer-Toye type is still not overabundant, and thus the profusely illustrated Evergreen Profile Book series (Ravel, Haydn, Schumann, Schubert, and Chopin) is welcome. Sometimes infuriatingly wanting in detail, these nevertheless are quite readable translations from French originals. More filling for the musical appetite is Michael Hamburger's winnowing of "Beethoven's Letters, Journals, and Conversations." One of the standard critical biographies of Beethoven would be welcome as supplementary reading.

Lamentably, both Eric Blom's edition of Mozart's letters and J. W. N. Sullivan's renowned essay "Beethoven, His Spiritual Development" have been withdrawn from print (though they may still be found on bookstore racks). Mozart was well served by W. J. Turner's account of his life, but that too has been deleted. As matters stand, there are no biographies of either Mozart or Beethoven—surely a monstrous situation. The contemporary in spirit will find that the Howard and Lyons "Modern Music" provides an orderly introduction to a chaotic subject, though it is showing its age a bit. Deeper essayists are Aaron Copland ("Music and Imagination"), Paul Hindemith ("A Composer's World"), and Roger Sessions ("The Musical Experience"). Stravinsky's paradox-ridden "Poetics of Music" still holds its place in the list, but Constant Lambert's "Music Ho!" is unfortunately gone.

For the amateur musician, the student, and the really serious concertgoer and record listener, the most spectacular gain of the last four years has been in the inexpensive pocket score. *SR*'s 1957 list could point to only the Penguin series (now discontinued), embracing thirty-eight works by twelve composers. However, Lea Pocket Scores now lists 111 volumes in such authoritative form as the Bach-Gesellschaft or Chrysander editions, and in many cases the *Urtext*. Since many of these little books contain five or six major pieces by a composer, the number of works available to the pocket score reader now runs into many hundreds.

Some of the best books now in paperback are strangely refractory to classification. Joseph de Marliave's "Beethoven's Quartets" is to be found under "Reference" in our listing, for example, but it cuts across "Technical" lines, too—and "History" and "Essay" and "Biography" as well. Equally difficult to list under logical categories are

The Paperback Library of Music Books

Introductory

*"Good Listening." By R. D. Darrell. Mentor, 50¢.
*"Going to a Concert." By Lionel Salter. Penguin, 65¢.
"Help Yourselves to Music." By Beatrice P. Krone and Kurt R. Miller. Chandler, $1.75.
"How to Understand Music and Enjoy It." By Oscar Thompson. Fawcett, 50¢.
"Introduction to Music." By Hugh M. Miller. Barnes and Noble, $1.50.
"The Listener's Guide to Music." By Percy A. Scholes. Oxford, $1.25.
"The Listener's Musical Companion." By B. H. Haggin. Anchor, $1.25.
"Music for the Man Who Enjoys Hamlet." By B. H. Haggin. Vintage, 95¢.
"The Structure of Music." By Robert Erickson. Noonday, $1.45.

History

*"British Music of Our Time." Edited by A. L. Bacharach. Pelican, 95¢.
*"History of Music." By Hugh M. Miller. Barnes and Noble, $1.25.
*"Music in England." By Eric Blom. Pelican, 95¢.
"The Music of the Jews." By Aron Marko Rothmüller. Barnes, $1.65.
"The Music of Spain." By Gilbert Chase. Dover, $1.85.
"The Pelican History of Music," Vol. I. Edited by Denis Stevens and Alec Robertson. Pelican, $1.25.
*"A Popular History of Music." By Carter Harman. Dell, 75¢.
*"A Short History of Music." By Alfred Einstein. Vintage, $1.10.

Biography

"J. S. Bach: The Master and His Work." By Wilibald Gurlitt. Translated by Oliver C. Rupprecht. Concordia, $1.50.
"Beethoven's Letters, Journals, and Conversations." Edited and translated by Michael Hamburger. Anchor, $1.45.
*"Berlioz and His Century." By Jacques Barzun. Meridian, $1.65.
"Leonard Bernstein." By David Ewen. Bantam, 50¢.
"Brahms." By Karl Geiringer. Anchor, $1.45.
"Chopin." By Camille Bourniquel. Evergreen, $1.35.
"Conversations with Casals." By J. Ma. Corredor. Dutton, $1.35.
"Conversations with Toscanini." By B. H. Haggin. Dolphin, 95¢.
"Haydn." By Pierre Barbaud. Evergreen, $1.35.
"Men of Music." By Wallace Brockway and Herbert Weinstock. Simon and Schuster, $1.95.
"The Music Masters, Vol. I: 16th Century to Beethoven." Edited by A. L. Bacharach. Penguin, $1.25.
"The Music Masters, Vol. II: Beethoven to Wagner." Edited by A. L. Bacharach. Penguin, $1.25.
"The Music Masters, Vol. III: The Romantic Age." Edited by A. L. Bacharach. Penguin, $1.25.
"The Music Masters, Vol. IV: 20th Century." Edited by A. L. Bacharach. Penguin, 95¢.
"Ravel." By Vladimir Jankélévitch. Evergreen, $1.35.
"Schubert." By Marcel Schneider. Evergreen, $1.35.
"Schumann." By André Boucourechliev. Evergreen, $1.35.
"Tchaikovsky." By Edwin Evans. Avon, 50¢
"Giuseppe Verdi." By Francis Toye. Vintage, $1.45.
"Wagner as Man and Artist." By Ernest Newman. Vintage, $1.65.
"Music in the Life of Albert Schweitzer." By Charles R. Joy. Beacon, $1.75.

Essays

"The Beautiful in Music." By Eduard Hanslick. Translated by Gustav Cohen. Liberal Arts Press, 85¢.
"A Composer's World." By Paul Hindemith. Anchor, 95¢.
"Essays on Music." By Romain Rolland. Edited by David Ewen. Dover, $1.50.
*"The Forms of Music." By Sir Donald Francis Tovey. Meridian, $1.45.

(*Continued on page* 40)

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"The Main Stream of Music and Other Essays." By Sir Donald Francis Tovey. Meridian, $1.45.
"Music and Imagination." By Aaron Copland. Mentor, 50¢.
"The Musical Experience." By Roger Sessions. Princeton University Press, $1.50.
"The Pleasures of Music." Edited by Jacques Barzun. Compass, $1.95.
*"Poetics of Music." By Igor Stravinsky. Vintage, $1.10.
*"Shaw on Music." Edited by Eric Bentley. Anchor, 95¢.
"Since Debussy." By André Hodeir. Evergreen, $2.95.
"Darwin, Marx, and Wagner." By Jacques Barzun. Anchor, $1.25.

Technical

"Emotion and Meaning in Music." By Leonard B. Meyer. Phoenix, $1.95.
"Horns, Strings, and Harmony." By Arthur H. Benade. Science Study Series, 95¢.
"Learn to Read Music." By Howard Shanet. Simon and Schuster, $1.45.
"Music Theory—A Syllabus," Volumes I and II. By Ellis B. Kohs. Oxford, $2.95 each.
"On Studying Singing." By Sergius Kagen. Dover, $1.25.
"Playing the Piano for Pleasure." By Charles Cooke. Simon and Schuster, $1.45.
"Recorder Fingering Book for Beginners." By Patty Grossman. Boxwood Press, $1.50.
Lea Pocket Scores. P.O. Box 138, Audubon Station, New York 32, N.Y. 111 volumes, 98¢ each.
*Penguin Pocket Scores. Some titles still available on direct order, 3300 Clipper Mill Road, Baltimore 11, Md.

Opera

"Going to the Opera." By Lionel Salter. Penguin, 85¢.
"Great Operas." Volumes I and II. By Ernest Newman. Vintage, $1.45 each.
*"Introduction to Opera." Edited by Mary Ellis Peltz. Barnes and Noble, $1.65.
"Mozart's Operas." By Edward Dent. Oxford, $2.25.
"Mozart's Librettos." Translated by Robert Pack and Marjorie Lelash. Meridian, $1.75.
"Opera as Drama." By Joseph Kerman. Vintage, $1.25.
"The Ring of the Nibelung." By Richard Wagner. Translated by Stewart Robb. Dutton, $1.95.
*"Stories of Famous Operas." By Harold Vincent Milligan. Signet, 50¢.
*"Stories of the Great Operas." By Milton Cross. Permabooks, 50¢.
"100 Great Operas." By Henry W. Simon. Dolphin, $1.45.

Reference

"Beethoven's Quartets." By Joseph de Marliave. Dover, $1.85.
"Chamber Music." Edited by Alec Robertson. Pelican, $1.65.
"The Collector's Bach." By Nathan Broder. Keystone, $1.25.
"The Collector's Chopin-Schumann." By Harold Schoenberg. Keystone, $1.45.
"The Collector's Haydn." By C. G. Burke. Keystone, $1.65.
"The Collector's Tchaikovsky and 'The Five.'" By John Briggs. Keystone, $1.45.
"The Collector's 20th Century Music in the Western Hemisphere." By Arthur Cohn. Keystone, $1.95.
*"The Concerto." Edited by Ralph Hill. Pelican, $1.65.
"European Music in the Twentieth Century." Edited by Howard Hartog. Praeger, $1.85.
"Modern Music." By John Tasker Howard and James Lyons. Mentor, 50¢.
"New Dictionary of Music." By Arthur Jacobs. Penguin, $1.25.
"Opera Themes and Plots." By Rudolph Fellner. Essandess, $1.75.
"Pocket Manual of Musical Terms." By Theodore Baker. G. Schirmer, 75¢.

Asterisk (*) indicates title listed in *SR*'s 1957 survey and still in print. A number of additional titles, although deleted from publishers' lists, may still be found in some bookstores.

scores of fascinating books to be found at the periphery of music, such as Theodore Reik's "The Haunting Melody" and his "Listening with the Third Ear," in both of which the musical experience is couched in psychoanalytic terms. Certain of these penumbral authors touch on music more importantly than many a musical writer treats of it intensively. Susanne Langer, an amateur musician as well as a scholar of significance, devotes much space to music in her "Philosophy in a New Key," regarded as one of the seminal works on esthetics in this generation.

However, rich as all this sounds and impressive as strides have been in four years, the top of the pitcher has barely been skimmed by paperback publishers. Such inexplicable omissions remain as biographies of Paganini and Liszt, flamboyant characters whose lives might be expected to have attracted attention by now. Perhaps a more serious gap, however, is the absence of the most perceptive writers that music has yet known. Where is Schumann's "On Music and Musicians," that constant source of humiliation for one whose job it is to evaluate those two puzzling subjects? Where is Berlioz's witty and wise "Evenings with the Orchestra"? And where is his deliciously titled "A Travers Chants—Etudes, Musicales, Adorations, Boutades et Critiques"? Any of the three books covered by this title would be welcome, but surely Berlioz's famous critique of Beethoven's nine symphonies belongs in Everyman's library.

Ernest Newman is well represented, but not his exegesis of the Ring and other Wagner operas. Also missing are critical studies and lives of twentieth-century composers such as Debussy, Rachmaninoff, Bartók, Stravinsky, and Prokofiev. Halsey Stevens on Bartók and Roman Vlad on Stravinsky, among contemporaries, might already be suitable for paperback presentation. Surely there would be a demand for Nicholas Slonimsky's "Lexicon of Musical Invective" and for a more bountiful selection from the four volumes of Bernard Shaw's musical criticism than is to be found in "Shaw on Music."

Perhaps we are losing our heads. Even the most optimistic bargain hunters do not really expect to find Cobbett's "Cyclopaedic Survey of Chamber Music" in paperback soon. Nor will they hold their breath until Spitta's or Schweitzer's "Bach" or the nine volumes of Grove's "Dictionary of Music and Musicians" turn up in the corner drugstore's rack. But (and it is the publishers' own doing), having tasted real musical meat, they are never again going to make do with fictional substitutes, however well packaged.

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The Amen Corner

Reflections on the Blues

THE SPECIAL difficulties of the Negro's life in this country have often found expression in the brief, immensely variable musical form known as Afro-American folk-blues. Such blues have been one of the great bases of jazz, inspiring classic performances and many invaluable recordings. These facts, among others, have laid the way open to a great deal of sociological comment on jazz. There seems to be a common notion that might be paraphrased as follows: the Negro is specially sad; he laments in his special fashion; this gives his musical lamentation a special musical worth.

This of course is nonsense. The trouble with most sociological criticism of music—of any music—is that it overlooks the very heart of the problem: the personal complex of the musical creative powers. A thousand blues may be serious and even talented, whereas only one will show what I will call Factor X (musical creative power of high distinction). And in no way will X be open to sociological analysis. There are blues singers or players and there are men endowed with X. Some of these last may be blues singers or players, while others will be composers of works called "Three Pieces in the Shape of a Pear" or the "Prague" Symphony.

The sociological approach to jazz makes a specious appeal to people who have little idea of what values musicians find in music, and who are unlikely to be aided by lectures on Negro underprivilege. The fact is that Negroes are apt to be anguished for their own reasons, and so are other men. Furthermore, Negroes sometimes have a capacity for rising above their troubles in an expression close to the ecstatic, and so do other men. In such cases, a musical expression of the joy will have high musical worth if it proceeds out of X, and not otherwise. I think of the flights of pleasure that came from the alto saxophone of the unhappy Charlie Parker, and the serene reaches of the unhappy Beethoven. Music may not be a universal language, but it is a number of languages in which men of all colors and predicaments have both expressed and transcended their troubles. Among those men are some whose tonal sensibilities and shaping powers are remarkable and mysterious, who possess X, and concerning these men sociology has next to nothing to offer.

Much of the trouble with jazz commentary today lies in the hyperbole of critics, reviewers, and blurb writers who insist on finding Factor X where there is no more than a compelling talent. I feel personally very grateful for many of the compelling talents of jazz, just as I am, say, for the drawings of Saul Steinberg or the novels of Anthony Powell.

And so to some of the month's discs. The tenor saxophonist Bud Johnson, with his brother Keg on the trombone, offers a fine, free-and-easy program including such standards as "I Only Have Eyes for You" and "Falling in Love with Love" (Prestige-Swingville 2015). This is all spirit, no pretense, with delicious propulsion from the rhythm section of Tommy Flanagan, piano, George Duvivier, bass, and Charlie Persip, drums. Barry Harris is a firm and sparkling jazz pianist, and is supported in a new and well-mixed bill by Joe Benjamin, bass, and the delicate eccentricities of my own favorite among modern jazz drummers, Elvin Jones, a man with Factor X if ever there was one (Riverside RLP 354).

From England comes an LP by a flashing, assured jazz band, mostly West Indian in origin, which introduces some sterling new talents to American listeners. They include Joe Harriott, alto sax, and the trumpeters Hank Shaw and Shakespeare Keane (Jazzland JLP 37). One program of seven numbers features

Oliver Nelson, alto and tenor sax, with the late Lem Winchester, vibraharp, and rhythm section. There is a good deal of sophisticated lyricism here, and I would call special attention to George Duvivier's lovely bowed bass underneath Nelson in "In a Sentimental Mood" (Prestige-Moodsville 13). A more elaborate ballad style is presented by alto saxophonist Jackie McLean in "Embraceable You," "I Cover the Waterfront," and "These Foolish Things," in which he is joined by the piano of Mal Waldron. The disc's annotator, Joe Goldberg, finds an affecting loneliness in the music of this long-standing combination, and I share his feeling. McLean and Waldron's jazz, when I first knew it some years ago, struck me as rather dry and hard, but its controlled emotionalism has proved very durable and rewarding. The entire other side of the disc is taken up by a series of blues choruses in which McLean is joined by, among others, the sensitive trombone of Curtis Fuller. This music is a wandering pleasure, and there is no need for concern about Factor X (Prestige-New Jazz 8253).

—WILDER HOBSON.

Festival in Portugal

LISBON.

A CLIMAX to a major development here in the last few years was the recent Fifth Festival of Music, which provides twenty-three major concerts in eight Portuguese cities. This gathering of musical artists has not been organized for the purpose of attracting tourists for commercial gains, but for the development of the musical experiences of large groups of Portuguese music lovers. By statute, the Portuguese legislature has established the Gulbenkian Foundation as a quasi-national organization with charitable, artistic, educational, and scientific purposes. The approval of the state has provided a high level of supervision of the control and expenditure of the annual income of some $5,000,000 from total assets of more than $118,000,000.

The donor, Calouste Gulbenkian, was an Armenian businessman who was instrumental in developing the oil industry in Iraq. He amassed great wealth and accumulated one of the world's great collections of art works. He fled Paris upon the approach of the Nazis during World War II and established his permanent home in Lisbon, where he became enamored of the Portuguese personality and culture. Upon his death in 1956 his will created one of the most progressive gifts to mankind in Europe. It permits the trustees to use an unusual freedom in the application of its monies. Under the terms of the grants, the directors have established numerous music and art scholarships, traveling libraries, scientific and educational projects, a permanent museum, charitable activities, publication of expensive books on art and music, sponsorship of courses of study in musicology and art, production of contemporary scores and parts of Portuguese orchestral music, and many other projects.

In order to help develop a renaissance in modern Portuguese culture, Chairman José de Azeredo Perdigão has provided funds for an integrated festival of music that combines the ancient, traditional, and contemporary concert experiences with intellectual studies and lectures that collate the styles and practice with the historical relationship in past and present cultures. Safford Cape, an American musicologist who has done research and lectured in Belgium for the past thirty-five years, offers a course in medieval and Renaissance music to a class of some twenty-five scholars. Professor Santiago Kastner lectures about and performs on the instruments that have been brought together in an International Exposition

(*Continued on page* 66)

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Fiction

Continued from page 21

Spanish society and yet works the theme into the narrative so deftly that its presence, while delighting thoughtful readers, will not mar the pleasure of those who want only a gripping story of suspense.

Such a story is told with exceptional skill in this book. The tension arises both from the situation and from the characters of the two principal figures, the young brothers Juan and Luis de Santiesteban, members of an upper-class Spanish family, who fought on opposite sides in the Civil War. When the action takes place, between June and August 1939, Franco's victorious forces are hunting down and killing the defeated Republicans or "Reds." The younger brother, Juan, a former Red lieutenant, succeeds by a near-miracle in escaping detection as he makes his way back to the family house in Madrid. This is now occupied only by Luis, a colonel with an enviable job in Franco's War Department, and by Trini, his old housekeeper, who had nursed both brothers in childhood. (In typical upper-class Spanish style, the family also has a country place, near Valladolid, and its other members are there.)

When Juan first arrives at the house in Madrid, Luis and Trini reject him. Luis is kept from turning him over to the police only by Juan's threat to shoot him or at least to "confess" that Luis has been sheltering him since the end of the war. Such a confession, Luis realizes, is only too likely to be believed and not only to ruin his career but also to cost him the hand of the high-born young woman he is about to marry, who hates all Reds so much that she thinks the Catholic Church ought to stop preaching forgiveness of those who trespass against us.

Luis then seeks to escape from his dilemma by engaging a professional killer, an army captain named Robias, to liquidate Juan, but is unable to go through with the plot. In the end he risks career, marriage, and life itself to help his brother escape. Family sentiment is only part of the explanation. It lies still more in his revulsion against his fellow victors—against the symbolic Captain Robias, who kills not for pay but for love of exterminating Reds; against the Horcher Café set of "young Germanized Spaniards," who see this war through the eyes of Nazi theorists as merely the first battle in a crusade; against the opposite kind of set at the Ritz, "men of good family trying to recover, each for himself . . . the life he knew before the war"; against the war itself, which has "swept away everything he, along with thousands of men of his age, race, rank, and upbringing, had believed and thought before."

Juan, too, has already reacted against what Luis calls the "oversimplifications" of the war and is losing his sense of solidarity with his fellow Republicans. He even finds it difficult to explain how he, once a "fanatical Catholic," became a Red. It was partly the accident that the outbreak of the war caught him in Republican Madrid; partly that "I wanted to fight against a rebel general"; then somehow, "more and more as time went on," he turned Red. But his red was not a fast color. Just after the war and before going to Madrid he refused a chance to keep up the fighting by joining a Red guerrilla force in the mountains. Instead, a kind of suicidal nostalgia made him risk the trip to Madrid, and hardly had he satisfied this urge when it became his one thought to escape to France, not in order to join his fellow Republican exiles in renewing the struggle, but simply to save his skin.

How Juan escaped across the Pyrenees is told with stark brevity, but with a vividness that must impress anyone who knows those wild and rugged mountains anywhere but at their two civilized ends on the Atlantic and the Mediterranean.

When the book closes, the Spanish

people are, if possible, more deeply divided than ever. A fitting epilogue would be the saying attributed to a fictitious Spanish intellectual: "I do not know whether we shall bury the hatchet one of these days, . . . but one thing is certain: if this country is to be united again, it will be against someone, and making someone pay for it." To which should be added Luis de Santiesteban's comment: "That is typically Spanish language . . . because it takes into account all the Spanish realities, because it is in the truest sense of the term 'Spanish Nationalism.'"

GRAND GUIGNOL PEPPERS: When it comes to virtuosity, to a blending of the natural and the fantastic, to a cock-eyed but irrepressible feeling of being alive, Margaret Boylen has few peers among her contemporaries. Nor is it an exaggeration to say that scenes come vividly into focus in her sharply etched Midwestern landscapes.

She is an original. But while the sheer exuberance of her view of the human comedy causes most of her fellow novelists to look like spoil-sports, she neglects, or arbitrarily ignores, one of the constants of well-constructed fiction—and that is to tell a story in such a manner that the spell between reader and storyteller is never broken.

IN "**A Moveable Feast**" (Random House, $3.95) Mrs. Boylen's sprightly imagination has hatched a deliciously irreverent tale, a kind of Grand Guignol version of "The Five Little Peppers," that confection for small fry of yesteryear. All the more pity that she feels constrained to interrupt her well-plotted narrative with asides to the reader, with omniscient interjections that even in Fielding's day were a flaw, not a virtue. Possibly in striving for original effects the author of the widely acclaimed novel "The Marble Orchard" has this time overreached herself.

Back in 1929, at Christmastime, the little town of Clorinda makes news, not only in the Midwest but countrywide as well, because of a grisly and quite bizarre accident that has left the "Five Little Mortrudes" parentless. Overnight the orphans become celebrities and, being extraordinary children to begin with, enter into the roles expected of them with such aplomb that not even devoted Will Calhoun, their guardian and benefactor, will admit to himself that they are a "passel of pretenders."

Not until Christmastime 1951 do the Mortrudes return to Clorinda for a family reunion. Jessica—of whom poor old Will has been enamored all these years—has become a Broadway star. "Which, for heaven's sake, was what she had been up to all the livelong day back in the Little Grey House, where she, superbly equipped by temperament to play Medea, had Polly-Peppered it to a fare-thee-well." Yet she has been less fortunate than the others—Farnham, Eleanor, and Gidley—who have found comparative peace in their respective careers as sailor, writer, and scholar. Eleanor writes elegant "unfairy tales," in which characters speak in this way: "I think the Feast is not Life but the Celebration of it—celebration of all those days lived between and until!" As for Little Od—well, one must read the book.

When the dark secret that made the Mortrudes, one by one, get out of Clorinda "as fast as their legs would carry them" is finally disclosed, the dramatic light thus shed on both conspirators and the duped furnishes this diverting tale with one of the most explosive climaxes in recent fiction.

—RICHARD MC LAUGHLIN.

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EDUCATION AROUND THE WORLD

This issue of the Education Supplement represents a marked change from previous issues, as the title and the contents indicate. Up to now these pages have dealt largely with major problems, issues, and developments in American education, but since education is a matter of world-wide importance, this issue—like thousands of American students—is taking a summer look at education abroad.

Education Editor: PAUL WOODRING

Associate Education Editor: JOHN SCANLON

SR/EDUCATION

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Education and World Affairs in the Sixties

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Philip H. Coombs, author of the following guest editorial, is Assistant Secretary of State for Educational and Cultural Affairs.*

READY or not, American education will have the opportunity and obligation in the Sixties to play a much larger and more important role in world affairs.

This is said with full regard for the considerable contribution which our educational institutions have made in the international realm since the end of World War II, and for the rapidly mounting impact which world events have had upon virtually every aspect of their operations—their curricula, faculties, student bodies, budgets, administrative procedures, and organizational structure.

In the past year, for example, 53,000 foreign students from almost every nation in the world were enrolled in U.S. colleges and universities. Likewise, many thousands of our own students, teachers, and scholars went abroad to learn, to teach, to pursue research, or to serve as specialists.

Many curriculum improvements have been made. Great new emphasis has been given to the study of foreign languages. New "area institutes" have been established. International research efforts have multiplied. A variety of other improvements have been made in the interest of strengthening American competence in world affairs.

Besides these internal improvements, the manpower and facilities of our educational institutions have been drawn upon by federal agencies, private foundations, and others to assist other nations, particularly the newer, less developed ones, to make progress toward their economic, educational, and social goals.

All of these activities have imposed heavy burdens and inconveniences upon the colleges and universities, but they have also brought rich dividends. These accomplishments of the Fifties, however, as impressive as they are, will be overshadowed by the greatly expanded requirements of the Sixties. The reasons are not hard to find.

In the late Forties and Fifties two "new frontiers" were added to U.S. foreign relations—namely, economic assistance and military assistance. As important as these have been and will continue to be, they are not in themselves adequate to meet the international needs and obligations of the United States in the coming decade. A third "new frontier" must be added in the Sixties—a frontier concerned with human development, with educational, scientific, and cultural affairs.

Military strength buys valuable time for the free world, economic as-

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sistance can help narrow the menacing gap between the massive poverty of less developed countries and the high living standards of the advanced Western nations. But in the long run the peace of the world and the preservation of free societies will depend upon the development of individual human capacities and upon the development of a vast "common market" of ideas, knowledge, and cultural interchange.

This urgent need for stronger efforts in the educational and cultural field has now come to be recognized and emphasized, more than ever before, by our diplomats and educators, by international journalists and businessmen, and not least of all by many members of Congress. The fresh emphasis upon the development of human resources in President Kennedy's new foreign aid proposals and the actions which he and Secretary of State Dean Rusk have taken to elevate and accent the role of educational and cultural affairs as a component of U.S. foreign relations testify to the importance now attached to advancing this "new frontier."

Fortunately we already have a strong start in this direction and firm foundations to build on. The farsighted Fulbright program, initiated in 1946, and the Smith-Mundt Act which followed, provided the basis for a steadily increasing international interchange of students, scholars, leaders, and specialists. Likewise, the growing attention of the International Cooperation Administration to educational development, and the activities of the U.S. Information Agency have provided valuable experience to guide future steps.

These programs and other federal activities relating to international educational and cultural affairs must now be strengthened, improved in quality, and unified into a well-integrated pattern. But the Federal Government can do only a small part of the total job. Most of the burden will fall upon our educational institutions, which, along with foundations and various other nongovernmental organizations, constitute the nation's main "resource base" for carrying out such activities.

Among the overseas activities that will draw heavily upon the talent of our schools, colleges and universities in the next few years are these:

►Assisting new nations to develop effective educational systems.

►Staffing a variety of technical assistance programs in underdeveloped countries.

►Teaching English as a second language in the many countries now asking for such help.

►Supporting imaginative research and development efforts, experimental and pilot programs aimed at improving the quality of educational programs and the efficiency of educational processes.

►Strengthening research activities abroad in the natural and social sciences.

►Helping new nations to design sound economic and social development plans and to strengthen their public administration for carrying out such plans.

While sending more personnel abroad, our colleges and universities will also be called upon to receive more foreign students at home, and to provide them with more relevant and effective programs of study.

While all this is going on, U.S. schools and colleges also will have to redouble their efforts to improve the competence of our own population in the realm of foreign affairs. The typical school and college curriculum is still far from adequate in the treatment of international matters. Foreign language instruction has received welcome new emphasis in recent years, spurred in part by the National Defense Education Act of 1958, but here also further improvement is urgently needed.

If our educational institutions, foundations, and other organizations are to make their most effective contribution, they must strengthen the means for coordinating their efforts, and there must be more effective working relations between the Federal Government and the academic community.

These needs were clearly and emphatically set forth in the recent report on "The University and World Affairs," prepared by a distinguished group of educators and laymen.

In these times of repeated international crises, the average citizen often finds himself frustrated by the feeling that there is nothing he can personally do to contribute toward a peaceful and better world. But on this "new frontier" of international scientific, educational, and cultural affairs, we can stand on our tiptoes and look beyond the immediate crises to the positive conditions of peace which are already being built through the channels of educational and cultural exchange. And on this frontier there are abundant opportunities for the individual citizen, the individual school system and community, the individual college and university, to make really substantial contributions. And unless a great many such efforts are made in the years ahead, it is hard to see how the seemingly endless succession of crises will ever end.

—PHILIP H. COOMBS.

Letters to The Education Editor

BRUNER ON DEWEY

JEROME BRUNER ("After John Dewey, What?" *SR*, June 17) has presented a clear answer to the Mortimer Smith article of a few months ago ("Why We Disagree," Jan. 21). We can only hope that administrators and members of boards of education consider it seriously before regressing to narrow, rote "basic education."

NORMAN R. LEE.
Fulton, N. Y.

JEROME BRUNER's article recites five articles of faith from Dewey's "My Pedagogic Creed" of 1897. Bruner then sets forth his own faith in contrast to the *interpretation* he makes of Dewey's. The impression left is that Dewey's statement of 1897 is an acceptable representation of Dewey's matured philosophy of education, that Dewey's writings on education during the subsequent fifty-five years of his life contain ample justification for the interpretation Bruner makes of Dewey's creed, and that when compared with Dewey's philosophy Bruner's article sets forth some new ideas. A review of Dewey's "Experience and Education" (Macmillan, 1938) should be sufficient to demonstrate the error of this impression on all three counts.

In 1897 Dewey's later writings were not available to help interpret his creed, and one need not dispute the fact that many people tended to interpret his creed much as Bruner has. The interpretation deserves correction in fairness both to Dewey's later writings and to the need for a view of education more adequate to 1961.

If Bruner's interpretation of Dewey is still widely held, if Dewey's analyses are still this much misconstrued even by persons of Bruner's stature and intellectual responsibility, what ground is there for hoping that Bruner's own statement of faith will escape a similar fate?

LYLE K. EDDY,
Assistant Professor
of Philosophy,
University of Nebraska.
Lincoln, Neb.

AFTER JOHN DEWEY, we have an undigested mass of uneducated, inarticulate, soft, undisciplined, and spoiled youth. We also have, because of the vacuous social concept of Dr. Dewey, a million juvenile delinquents. We have more millions who cannot adequately read, write, or spell the English language. Furthermore, we have millions who cannot distinguish right from wrong, nor do they have any conception of moral principles. I realize that the foregoing statements are a most damning indictment, but I am convinced that they are supported by the facts that we read in FBI reports, the reports of actual experience by Dr. Bestor, Mortimer Smith, and Admiral Rickover.

The case for basic academic education

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becomes stronger each day as we see graduated thousands of high school and college students utterly unequipped to compete in today's world because they are miseducated, undisciplined, and unacquainted with the basic truths of knowledge.

V. W. CATHER.
Portland, Oregon.

TEACHER EDUCATION

IN THE ARTICLE "The Short, Happy Life of the Teachers College" [*SR*, June 17] you list Iowa State Teachers College at Cedar Falls "among the few that have announced their intention to remain teachers colleges."

On July 4th of this year Iowa State Teachers College became State College of Iowa. Though teacher education remains its primary function, it is now authorized to offer degree programs without requirements in professional education.

The Education Supplement is a significant contribution to the field. We are indebted to you, *SR*, and to the Fund for the Advancement of Education.

MARY DIETERICH,
Reference Librarian,
Iowa State Teachers College.
Cedar Falls, Ia.

ONE CAN ONLY APPLAUD the Master of Arts in Teaching programs developed at Harvard and elsewhere. These programs have made and will continue to make substantial contributions to American education.

However, there has been so much praise and publicity given to AMT programs that one begins to wonder if this approach is not being held up as *the* way to become a teacher. The advantages of programs that qualify one for the classroom with the completion of four years of work are rarely pointed out.

Let us admit that with all our affluence, with all our "going on to grad school," there are thousands who need to enter the "earning market" at the end of four years of college. To insist on the fifth year may prove a heavy financial burden or a serious delay to having an income.

KENNETH WINETROUT, Chairman,
Education Department,
American International College.
Springfield, Mass.

YOUR EDITORIAL "The Education of Teachers" [*SR*, June 17] was an excellent one and I'd like to say "Amen" to your message that the liberal education of the teacher should equal anyone's.

HAROLD LAMBERT, Director,
Public Relations,
West Virginia
Education Association.
Charleston, W. Va.

SINCE YOU INCLUDED only educational philosophy, history, and psychology among the "respectable" education courses you mentioned in your editorial of June 17, I assume you believe there is little value in methods courses. In practice, of course, this means any college graduate could teach kindergarten, second-grade reading, fourth-grade music or art, sixth-grade arithmetic, etc., with no instruction in methodology.

I disagree. I am led to wonder on what sample you base your conclusion. I have supervised the teaching of about 180 students in as many classrooms in the past six years and have yet to discover the "superb" teacher you describe who came by the bulk of his methodology without direct instruction.

PATRICK GROFF,
Assistant Professor
of Education,
San Diego State College.
San Diego, Cal.

TEAM TEACHING

A GREAT MANY educators are reading your monthly supplement with avid interest. I have been following it with interest for the last three months and I am very pleased with it. The article by Judson B. Shaplin on "Team Teaching" is the best I have read on team teaching thus far.

Keep up the good work in your supplement. The accuracy of reporting is gaining recognition here in Fresno.

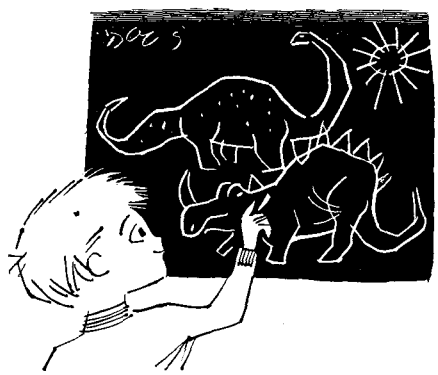
VERNON M. WALKER, Principal,
Bullard High School.
Fresno, Cal.

MAYER ON MALLERY

THE BOOK REVIEWS are a valuable part of the Education Supplement. The other day, though, I was reading one of the reviews in which something of a boner somehow got by. The reviewer—I forget his name—was doing a job on "New Approaches in Education" by David Mallery. I had just read Mallery's report with considerable interest, since he has done a slightly similar study for us which will be published by Harper next fall. I was enjoying the professional skill with which the reviewer was taking Mr. Mallery apart, and then the guy had to ruin everything by saying that Mallery was unfortunate in his reviewer, who was accustomed to doing his reviewing of books in fields where the standards were quite different from those in education, or words to that effect. This seemed an unwarranted and boorish reflection on all educators, or at least all those who try to be literate in print. However, it was probably just a momentary lapse in an otherwise polished piece. The general quality of the reviews, like that of the rest of the Supplement, is high.

ARTHUR E. TRAXLER,
Executive Director,
Educational Records Bureau.
New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The reviewer was Martin Mayer (SR, June 17).*



THE JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL

THANK YOU very much for the excellent job you did in calling to the attention of your readers "The Junior High School We Need," a recent publication of the Association for Supervision and Curriculum Development [*SR*, June 17]. In a concise, effective manner you have attracted the attention of many of your readers to this booklet. We have been greatly pleased at the number of requests for the booklet which mentioned your review. I express to you the appreciation of the Association.

MARGARET GILL,
Executive Secretary,
Association for Supervision
and Curriculum Development,
National Education Association.
Washington, D.C.

TWO AWARDS IN EDUCATION

AT THE RECENT convention of the National Education Association in Atlantic City, *Saturday Review* received two awards. The first was a citation from the Education Writers Association for "outstanding education coverage." The judges cited *SR*'s Education Supplement as "an innovation for regular coverage of educational problems and issues in a generally circulating magazine." The second was a National School Bell award from the National School Public Relations Association of the NEA "for distinguished service in the interpretation of education." Specifically, this award was for an article by Arnold J. Toynbee, entitled "Education: The Long View," published in the issue of November 19, 1960.

The editors of any new publishing venture are understandably uncertain about how their efforts are going to be received. We are therefore proud and happy that juries composed of distinguished American educators and education writers singled out *SR*'s Education Supplement, which is less than year old, for these awards. —THE EDITORS.

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EDUCATION IN RED CHINA

By WILLIAM BENTON, *publisher of the Encyclopaedia Britannica and former U.S. Senator from Connecticut. This article is based on the report of a special task force of researchers and scholars from the Britannica.*

—*Eastfoto.*

"A truly remarkable educational revolution unprecedented in all history is now sweeping across China."

CIRCULATING throughout Red China not long ago was a "best seller" written by one Kao Yu-pao, a young Communist soldier. While the tale, a kind of autobiographical novel, is pure soap opera thickly larded with propaganda, it has disquieting meaning nonetheless for the free world.

Kao writes that he was twelve when the first schoolhouse was opened in his home town of Taiping in the bleak province of northeastern China. He begged his peasant father to let him attend but met blunt refusal: there was no money for tuition or supplies and the boy's work was needed at home. Kao was crushed, his desire to learn throttled.

But Kao was made of stern stuff. At twenty, as an illiterate Communist soldier in the Peoples' Liberation Army, he enrolled in a new kind of special class for members of his unit. Within a few years he learned to read and write so well that he was able to compose the story of his life—in forty big chapters!

The Communist Government swiftly seized on the propaganda value of the work.

If the government performed a miracle of teaching with young Kao, it does not intend to do less with others in the vast, sprawling nation now under its domination. For a truly remarkable educational revolution, unprecedented in all history, is now sweeping across China.

Red China, chafing impatiently to become a great world power, knows that it can achieve its goal only through education. Its faith in education antedates that of the West by centuries, and indeed by millenia, and goes back to the time of Confucius and the age of Pericles. Now its Communist leaders, who have been calling on that faith from the very start of their regime in 1949, are demanding that their schools do more things for more people—and faster—than any educational system in the history of the world.

Already so much has been accomplished that we must alter the image we have been harboring of that vast land. It is no longer a nation teeming with ignorant peasants and city slum dwellers. It is rather, a country coming alive with learning. People from the age of three to sixty, seventy, and even eighty are going to school.

The full story of what is happening inside the world's Big Red Schoolhouse is disclosed in a study just completed by a research task force which I established as publisher of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica." I have sought permission from the Peking Government to visit schools on the mainland. Refused an entry permit, I organized a team of experts to study Red China's educational system. Throughout the past year, this group

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has investigated many hundreds of government and private sources of information here and around the world, interviewing refugees and combing countless documents. Their conclusions have profound significance for America and the rest of the free nations. I am reporting on them here for the first time.

The investigators tried scrupulously to separate propaganda from fact. This has not been easy because the bamboo curtain does not lift readily and the Red Chinese have learned well the techniques of exaggeration practised by their Kremlin tutors. However, I have tested the plausibility of the alleged facts against the judgment and knowledge of persons with long experience in China. What follows is as accurate a picture as can now be obtained in the West of the state of education in Red China.

The report stresses three major points:

1) That schools in Red China are literally leaping from the ground. They are coming into existence at the fastest rate the world has ever seen. In 1949, when the Communists seized power, China had only 350,000 schools serving 25,000,000 pupils. Now there are nearly 1,000,000 schools with 108,000,000 pupils, a rise of more than 400 per cent in the pupil population.

2) That the number of students attending institutions of higher learning has increased 500 per cent in the past decade. In comparison, our own college population, exploding at what we consider a staggering pace, has risen only some 40 per cent.

3) That a mass war on illiteracy—and illiteracy up to now has been virtually a national Chinese tradition—is under way. Scores of millions of peasants and industrial workers are attending "spare time" classes on farms and in factories. As a result, probably half the population of 700,000,000 now can claim to read and write, compared with less than 20 per cent only ten years ago.

Americans must understand that this enormous educational surge is being guided toward a political objective completely removed from the ancient aristocratic Chinese ideal of learning for its own sake. For 2,500 years, Western philosophers have agreed that the legitimate end of acquiring knowledge is to make good men. The Chinese Communists, however, believe something else again. Their educational system is completely geared to the creation of good Chinese Communists.

The new China's educational structure is riddled with Communist propaganda on every level. Mao Tse-tung, Communist Party chairman and the Party's undisputed ruler for thirty years, spelled out national educational policy early: "What we want," he said, "is a Marxist-Leninist approach in study." At all costs, Chinese education must serve the state.

For example, a teacher in a Peking school for factory workers drills his pupils in arithmetic with problems such as these:

1) In the United States, the number of half-starved people is twice the number of the unemployed, and is 5,000,000 less than the number of people who have to live in slums. As one-half of the number of the slum dwellers is 11½ million, what is the number of the unemployed in the U.S.?

2) The total number of Japanese policemen and police reserve corps armed and equipped by the U.S. is 218,000. It is known that the number of policemen is 68,000 more than the number of police reserve corps. How many policemen and how many police reserve corps have been armed and equipped by the U.S.?

In every area of the curriculum, the United States is vilified and the Soviet Union praised. Thus a history teacher will tell his class that American troops used "poisonous germs" to kill Chinese war prisoners during the Korean war. But he will also "explain" that Soviet Russia extended the hand of friendship by sending medical teams to help China suppress outbreaks of bubonic plague.

But all does not run smoothly. "Incidents" have occurred at the "spare-time" schools for peasants and workers. Many teachers look upon these schools with something less than full patriotism. One primary school teacher in Hengyang burst into uncontrollable sobbing when she learned she was to be assigned to a workers' school. In Chengsa, a number of spare-time teachers ran away from their jobs one day and never returned.

Such reactions are understandable when one considers the student body: farm workers and factory hands are not nearly so pleasant to teach as wide-eyed first-graders. Many adults resent being wrenched out of lifelong habits and the Communist cadres, the party committees in factories, often foster active dislike for teachers, whose political status they downgrade.

FROM a research study published in Hong Kong comes this remarkable description of the treatment accorded spare-time school teachers: "Students often call their teachers bad names and require them to cook, sweep the floor, send messages, or even carry dirty water for them. Occasionally, the students humiliate the teachers by most disgraceful methods, such as buttocks-spanking, and a few teachers commit suicide after the humiliation."

The report adds this laconic comment: "All the people feel that teaching in the workers' spare-time schools is really a hard way to earn a living."

All of this is part of the story of China's effort literally to lift itself educationally by its bootstraps. Now let us examine the background. How has it been done?

In 1949, Mao and his Communists

(*Continued on page* 62)

—*Eastfoto.*

"Schools in Red China are literally leaping from the ground. They are coming into existence at the fastest rate the world has ever seen."

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THE MAKATAB OF BAHAWALPUR

By FREELAND ABBOTT, *associate professor of history at Tufts University, who recently visited Pakistan on a Fulbright grant.*

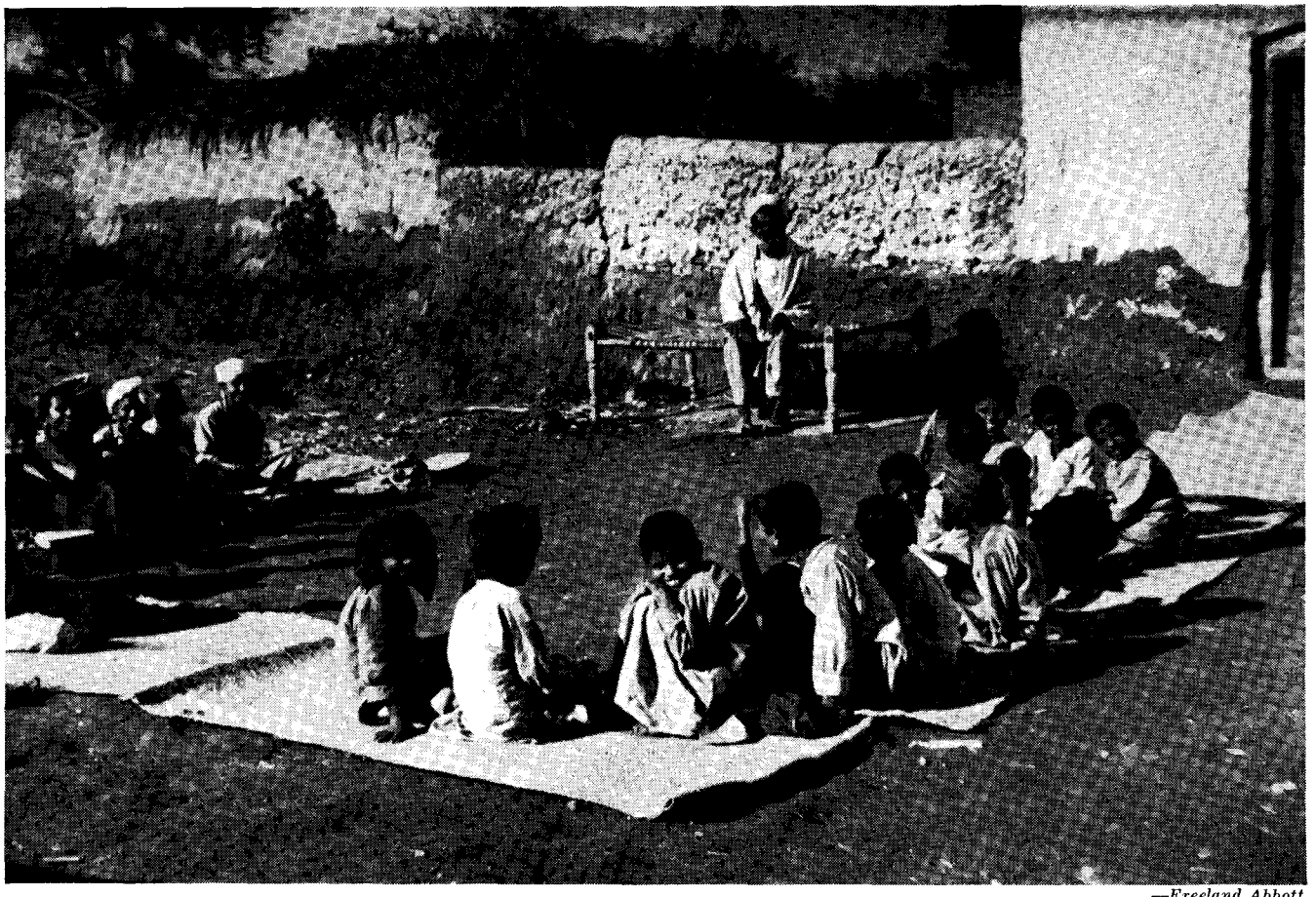
THE MOST bowlegged cowboy of the Untamed West couldn't have straddled a camel without stretching his bows to the breaking point. On a short trip you may be intrigued by the animal's pitching and tossing, but on a long trip you are aghast at the size of its rib cage. Sooner or later one of your hips will seem to tear loose from its socket as it tries to adjust itself to the animal's bulk. A few miles of this, up banks and down slopes, across canals and over hot sands, and you will begin to realize why so many people cling to the beaten path!

I was riding a camel in Bahawalpur, a region of West Pakistan distinguished by the sand in its deserts and the fruitfulness of its irrigated areas, because I wanted to get off the automobile roads and into the villages. Most villages of Pakistan and India have little need of roads; a path skirting the edge of the fields is quite good enough, and the sugar cane or cotton bound for market is carried on horseback or camelback.

I wanted to get into the villages away from the roads because I was on the track of a novel scheme that seemed to me to smack of budding democracy. This was an attempt to persuade the illiterate villagers to develop their own primary schools when neither money, nor teachers, nor school buildings were available. I had first heard of Bahawalpur's efforts to lift itself by its bootstraps, educationally speaking, back in 1954, and I had then visited six or eight of the schools. But they were all, like the government schools, easily accessible by road. I was afraid that they might have been show places for the program. Now, five years later, I wanted to see whether the program worked, and I wanted to see it working where it was most significant—out in the villages away from the main roads.

For almost two weeks I had been traveling, on foot, by train, automobile, horse and camel, just to get a close look at this experiment in learning. I had visited many of these village schools, and, frankly, I was suspicious of them. It seemed to me there was more memorization than learning involved, and I determined, if I could possibly get off the camel when we reached our next stop, that I would really give those kids a grilling!

And so I found myself sitting in the mud-walled village of 211/9R—the name indicates its location in the Sutlej Valley irrigation project—about four miles from the nearest road. I was about to hear youngsters who had never seen an Englishman or an American read to



—*Freeland Abbott.*

"I wanted to see if the school program worked . . . in the villages away from the main roads."

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me in English; but I remembered my suspicions, and my determination was as strong as ever.

"I know you can read that lesson," I said to the first timid fifth-grade boy who walked up to me, one dirty finger marking his place in a dilapidated reader. "Let's see if you can read this one." Being careful to select a passage that contained no new words, I turned to the next lesson, one I thought he had probably not yet memorized.

The boy looked startled, but slowly, then with greater assurance, he read without a single mistake. How his classmates beamed! How well he had done before the American visitor!

A SECOND student was beside me, and I selected a passage two lessons beyond that which they were studying, still hoping to find sentences the class had never read before—had never had time to memorize. "Here, read this," I said.

The boy faltered. He was dressed in a dirty, thin cotton shirt and dirty, thin cotton trousers. On his feet were tattered *chappals*—the cool, sandal-like shoes of the Panjab. One could almost read the boy's mind: This was the first time his school had had such a visitor, and he didn't want to disgrace himself. But to read a lesson he had never studied—and an English lesson to a man who actually spoke English, with the whole village, almost, looking on—how could he do it?

"Go on, Muhammad, read it!" his teacher urged.

And he read, hesitantly, then strongly, but without a mistake. He knew what he was reading, too, for I asked him questions about it.

In spite of myself I was impressed, for it was obvious that these boys were not repeating from memory; they were actually reading. The next boy read equally well—from a lesson still farther on—and so did the next.

I asked two girls in the second class to read from their Urdu primers. One was obviously proud and confident of her abilities. The other was a little unsure, and I called on her first. The mere fact that this school was coeducational, and that some girls had gone through all five of its classes, indicated that this was an especially progressive village. Even here, however, the villagers usually think that three years is more than enough time for a girl to spend in school.

My uncertain young lady proved more frightened than uncertain, and it was anti-climactic when confident, bubbling little Khassom read an advanced Urdu lesson with almost no hesitation. After all, if the boys of the school could do it, she certainly could. I pictured myself as a second-grader, stuttering and stumbling from one word to the next, while the teacher writhed in agony and the rest of the class suffered paroxysms of sympathetic pains. I knew that I could not have equaled the third-graders of 211/9R who knew and, here in their homemade school on the edge of the desert, showed that they knew, their multiplication tables through the sixteens. (In Pakistan, where sixteen annas make a rupee, the sixteen times tables are an essential part of education).

—*Freeland Abbott.*

"The village mosques are utilized as schools, and the *imams* are the teachers."

SEVEN years ago there was no school here. Today sixty-five children, nineteen of them girls, attend classes every morning except on Fridays. The school itself, a thatched, mud-walled hut located at one end of a mud-floored courtyard, had neither desks nor chairs. It did have a blackboard made by the village carpenter. Like the blackboards in most of America's early one-room schools, this consisted of wooden boards painted black. But it worked, and it was used.

Next year the thatched mud hut would be replaced by a brick building the men of the village were constructing themselves.

"It will cost us about 2,000 rupees," one of them said to me, "but it will be as good as a 10,000-rupee government school." He may very well have been right, too, for the villagers do not count the value of the gifts they receive toward the building of their school—such as all the palm tree trunks used for beams. A rupee, incidentally, is worth about twenty-one cents in the realm of foreign exchange, but these are realms far beyond the ken of these villagers. In one school I visited I asked each child how much money his father earned every month; the amount varied from twelve to eighty rupees.

Since the school at 211/9R began, twenty-three boys and three girls have finished the fifth class. Most of the boys now go to a government middle school four miles away; the nearest middle school for girls, however, is twenty-five miles away. It is a fair guess that most of these boys now going to the middle school would never have gone had it not been for the local village school. It is one thing for a fourth-grader to trudge four miles across the desert to school; it is another thing for a first-grader to make the trip. Most mothers do not want their five or six-year-olds walking where the temperature in the sun is often as much as 130 degrees. Because there was a school in the village, however, these boys were able to get started on their education, and, once started, they did not want to stop—so they began the daily trek across the desert sands to the nearest government school.

This school at 211/9R, as fine an example of civic pride as one could hope to see, had been started largely with village initiative, and was administered by a local school board.

"How many of these schools are there?" I asked Shabbir Bokhari, the officer in charge of the program. Slender, bearded, and enthusiastic, Mr. Bokhari has something Lincolnesque about him and there is no doubt that he loves and understands the villagers.

"Since 1953," he replied, "when the program was started, a total of 132,000 students have been admitted to these

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CHURCH, STATE, AND SCHOOL—1961

The Constitution of the United States is silent on the question of whether or how our children shall be educated, but it does say that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." This silence on the one hand and positive prohibition on the other, is at the heart of the whole controversy over federal aid to parochial schools. This issue, which is once more in the forefront on the national scene, has never been fully resolved by the U. S. Supreme Court. The Saturday Review Education Supplement, recognizing its importance, publishes the following analysis in the hope that it may contribute to better public understanding. James Cass is a member of the Supplement's editorial staff, former research director of the National Citizens Council for Better Schools, and editor of "Books in the School."

By JAMES CASS

THE CURRENT debate over public funds for parochial schools is complex, contentious, impassioned, and largely irrelevant. The demand by Catholics that their schools be included in federal aid to education legislation has raised profound issues of constitutional law and the American tradition. But the ensuing debate has done little to clarify these important issues or to resolve this critical social and educational problem.

Action taken by Congress in 1961 is not likely to settle the question of public funds for parochial schools. The debate will go on. But arguments designed to score debating points are not the most effective instruments for raising the level of public knowledge and understanding. Therefore, it may be useful to seek a fresh perspective on the conflicting points of view.

The basic issue, as seen by the Catholic hierarchy, is almost painfully simple: Are the parochial schools going to survive as vital, expanding partners in the nation's educational future? Its recent actions have been shaped by this stark view of the issue.

The stakes, from the Catholic point of view, are high. That is why the bishops have taken a position directly opposed to that of the nation's first Catholic President. It explains why they are gambling that they will be able to avoid, or at least to minimize, obnoxious federal or state control that may follow in the wake of federal aid. It is why they are willing, albeit reluctantly, to risk a violent anti-Catholic reaction in this traditionally Protestant U. S. if the drive for public funds is successful, or if the Administration's school-aid bill is defeated with the Catholic hierarchy as its most visible opponent.

In their approach to the issue today Catholics are first of all practical. Since 1900, parochial school enrollments in elementary and secondary schools have increased by 500 per cent while public school enrollments were rising by 132 per cent. Sixty years ago parochial school students made up about 5 per cent of the nation's total enrollment; today they comprise about 14 per cent. In other words, in a period of unprecedented expansion for the public schools, Catholic parochial schools grew nearly four times as fast.

The more than 5,000,000 parochial school students represent a little more than half of the Catholic children of elementary and secondary school age in the country. The canon law of the Church requires that all Catholic parents send their children to parochial schools. But lack of parochial school facilities still keeps many Catholic children in the public schools. Therefore, if sufficient funds were available to build and staff the necessary classrooms, we could expect that about 25 per cent of the nation's children would soon attend Catholic schools.

The phenomenal growth of parochial schools has become progressively more expensive for the Catholic community. They have, of course, shared with the public schools the rising costs of new school buildings and equipment. But, more important, parochial schools traditionally have been staffed by nuns and Christian brothers who are supported by the Church at comparatively low cost. As enrollments expanded, however, more and more lay teachers have been required until, today, they represent about 35 per cent of all the teachers in parochial schools. As laymen earning their living in the teaching profession, these teachers have to be paid salaries that approach those of public school teachers. Since in most public schools teachers' salaries represent 60 to 70 per cent of the current operating budget, the additional burden the parochial schools have had to assume in recent years is plain.

To date, an affluent society has made it possible for Catholics to finance their expanding school system. Very likely they could continue to do so for some time in the future if other factors remained equal, despite a growing restiveness with the lack of facilities for many Catholic children, on the one hand, and the rising costs of schools already established on the other. Their schools, Catholic educators assert, are approximately equal to the public schools in the quality of education they provide. If, however, the public schools were to receive substantial federal aid under an act comparable to the Administration's proposed bill, church leaders are convinced that the picture would change radically.

ANY broad aid-to-education act, the hierarchy reasons, almost certainly will be extended and expanded by subsequent Congresses. As a result, an increasing educational burden will be placed on the whole American public—including the Catholic community. It will, therefore, become increasingly difficult to raise private funds for the support of parochial schools at the very time that public schools are being vastly improved by a massive infusion of federal money. With the increasing costs attendant upon the need for new classrooms and a rising percentage of lay teachers in the schools, church leaders are persuaded that they must share in the benefits of any federal aid bill—or lose the competitive position their schools now enjoy in relation to the public schools. If they fail, they see their schools not only ceasing to expand as rapidly as they have in recent years, but progressively losing ground to the public schools.

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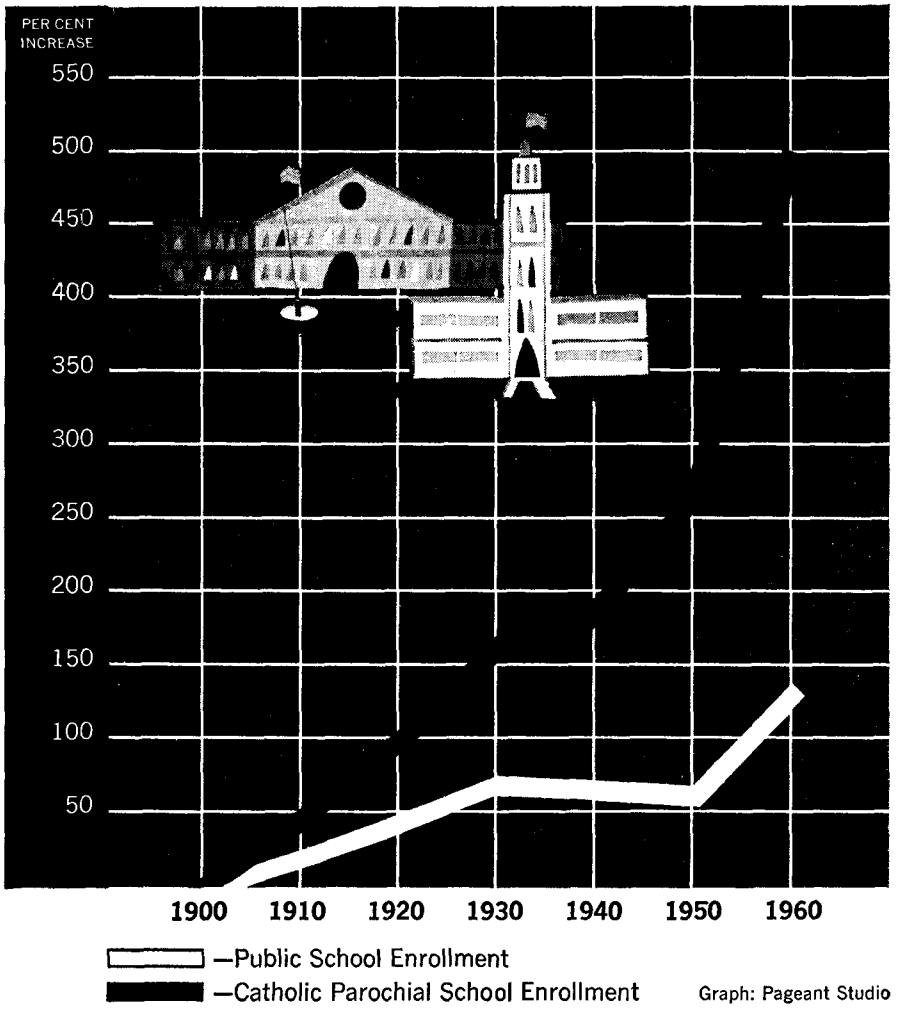
Many, if not most, of the members of the hierarchy, it is reported, are personally opposed to federal aid for education. Certainly, they would prefer to delay any showdown on the issue for the present, but events do not always wait for the convenience of men or of institutions. As a practical political matter, the issue has been posed and it must be met now, whatever the cost. And, given the crucial importance of the issue to Catholics—survival of their schools—it is hardly surprising that all the arts of persuasion and subtlety in debate of which the Church is traditionally a master have been brought to bear.

THE case that church spokesmen make for public support of parochial schools is persuasive, once the assumptions on which it is based are accepted. First is the simple plea for justice on the basis of a public service performed. Parochial schools are educating a substantial fraction of the nation's youth, they point out; therefore why should they not share proportionately in any federal funds designed to improve our educational system? Are not Catholic children as worthy—as American—as others? And has not the nation just as great a stake in their full development as it has in that of other American children?

Further, what would be the effect on the public schools if the parochial schools were closed? In some of our largest cities public school enrollments would increase by 30 or 40 per cent. In many sizeable communities the increase would be 50 or 60 per cent. Facilities, of course, would have to be provided for these children at public expense.

The second part of the case is a plea for equal enjoyment by Catholics of the constitutional guarantee of religious freedom. The states require all parents to send their children to school, and the public generally is taxed to provide public schools. But Catholic parents are conscience-bound, when possible, to send their children to parochial schools where secular learning is integrated with religious training. Their right to do so is constitutionally guaranteed, but from the point of view of Catholics, their constitutional guarantee has a price tag attached. As citizens they are taxed for the support of the public schools; as Catholics they contribute to the support of the church schools their children attend. In other words, they have to pay in order to enjoy their freedom of conscience.

For this reason, church spokesmen maintain that a federal aid bill that does not provide support for parochial as well as public schools is discriminatory. Catholic rights are already being abridged, some church leaders assert, by state and federal acts that provide support for public schools, but bar parochial schools from participation in their benefits. A broad federal act that was equally exclusive would compound this injustice and the discrimination it represented would have to be opposed.



Graph: Pageant Studio

American Catholics, church spokesmen say, strongly endorse the separation of church and state as best for both institutions, but a too rigid interpretation may, as in this case, work serious injustice.

Opponents of the Catholic position, on the other hand, contend that the unique genius of the American experience flows directly from the strict constitutional separation of church and state. The historic "wall of separation," in Jefferson's phrase, has guaranteed freedom of conscience to men of all creeds—and to men of none. Under no other policy, they say, could the infinite diversity of races and colors and creeds that America has welcomed to her shores have been welded into a single great nation. Therefore, the principle of separation must not be compromised. The wall must not be breached.

In education, the principle of separation led a profoundly religious people to divorce their schools from their churches, and to devise an institution wholly new to Western civilization—the secular public school. It was no theoretical conception of an inspired dreamer. Through trial and error its form was shaped over a period of decades on the anvil of practical experience. But the objective was always clear. The American people knew, with the founding fathers, that free men cannot afford the luxury of ignorance—their schools must offer equal opportunity to all. Unlike other nations of the Western world, the United States knew that no single church could command the loyalty of most of the country—any universal school must be nonsectarian. Free, universal, nonsectarian, their creation gave reality to the American dream—that no man's failure should prejudice the success of his son.

To the Catholic plea for tangible recognition of a public service performed, supporters of strict separation reply that the Church chose to withhold its children from the public schools and to set up its own school system. It had the right to do so, but it does not have a corollary right to claim public

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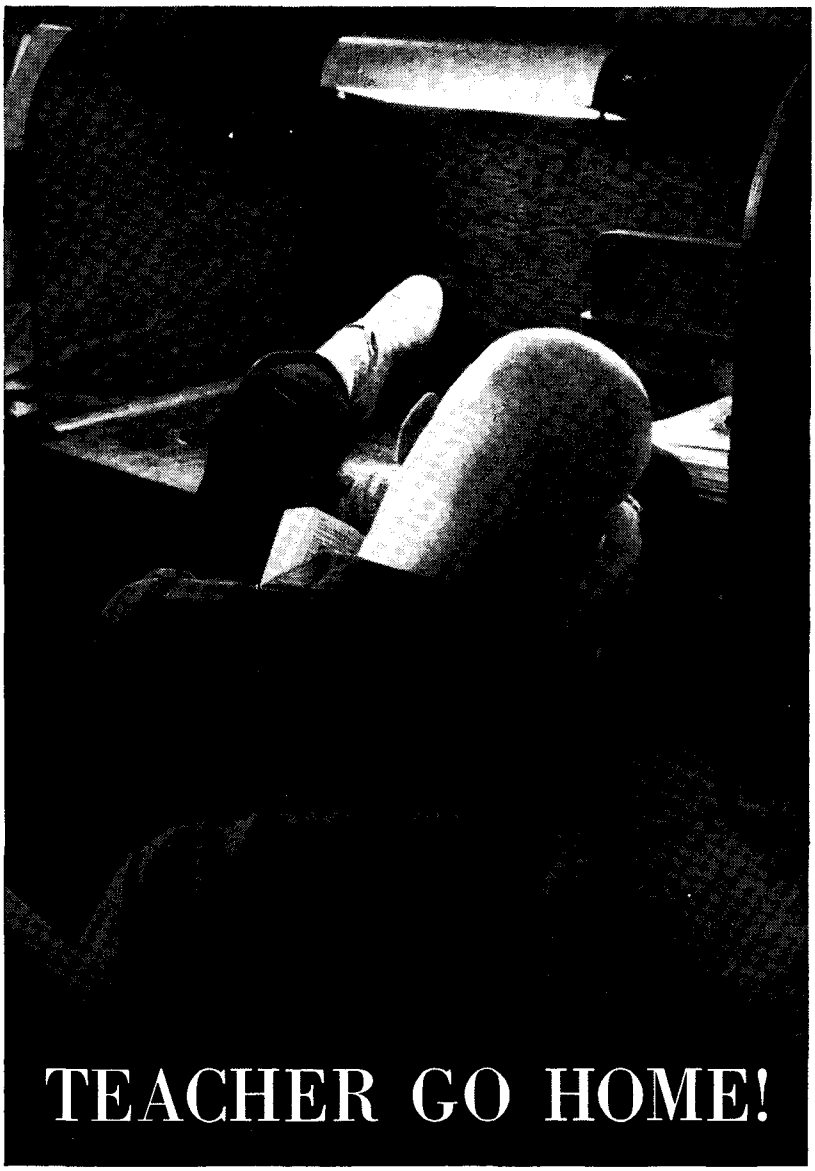

—*Amherst College.*

TEACHER GO HOME!

By JOHN S. DIEKHOFF, *dean of Cleveland College, Western Reserve University.*

EUROPEAN observers of American colleges often accuse us of "spoon-feeding" our undergraduates. The observation is more accurate than travel literature is. "For the next assignment, read Chapters 11 through 13" is a typical spoonful. "For Wednesday, study the next act" is another.

I once quoted a line from "*Hamlet*" in the presence of one of my students in a sophomore literature course. "Where is that from?" she asked. "Shame on you," I said. "It's from '*Hamlet.*'" "Then it must be Act IV," she said. "I was absent that day."

On another occasion, I sat behind two undergraduates on a commuting train and eavesdropped with delight as one of them said: "Simpson went over Chapter 9 so fast I had to read it."

Professor Simpson, I suspect, would be horrified at his student's remark, but he is a better teacher than I am. His students "had to read it" for themselves. He therefore fulfilled the obligation laid on teachers by George Herbert Palmer: "The teacher must keep himself entirely out of the way, fixing the young attention on the proffered knowledge . . ." My student, on the other hand, saw no point in reading Act IV unless she had to "recite" on it. Or perhaps she meant, when she claimed the other three acts, that I had in effect read them to her in class—which could also be true. Simpson's student was on the way to independence of the teacher. Mine could not yet hold her own spoon.

One object of a college, surely, is to produce graduates who can learn without a teacher. But if our graduates are to be self-educable, they must learn to educate themselves while they are undergraduates. We cannot expect the clichés of the commencement orator, assuring graduating seniors that learning is a lifelong process, to induce the habit of self-directed study in our alumni unless they have been prepared for it.

A college may prepare them for lifelong learning, if it can do it at all, by gradually freeing students from dependence on teachers. The obvious device to foster independent students is independent study. But I mean really independent. Blair Stewart observed a few years ago that the student in an independent study program in an American college is the most dependent student there is. He finds himself working with a tutor in private conference rather than with an instructor in a class. It is the most expensive teaching we do, and it fails in one of its purposes if one purpose is to lessen the student's dependence on the teacher.

Freshmen and sophomores, as they come to our colleges, need assignments. They need, if not to "recite," at least

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to show their knowledge. They need to be examined, to be policed. They also need to become juniors, seniors, and graduates. But if our application of devices for policing undergraduates is not gradually lessened as students progress toward graduation, they are likely to remain sophomores at every alumni reunion and to be an embarrassment to their college and its faculty.

EVEN more important than relaxation of police control is the destruction of the image of the professor as the man who knows all the answers, is ready to supply them, and wants them back. The small boy's answer to many questions is "I'll ask Pop," and those of us who teach like to think ourselves *in loco parentis*. Ask Pop and he'll tell you. But there is another parent-child relationship that we might ponder, and programs of independent study can help us achieve it. Our students should experience some of the joy of the child showing off on his bicycle and gleefully shouting: "Look, Daddy! No hands!"

Of course members of the faculty must help beginners—even in independent study—to formulate problems, to ask the pertinent questions. They must guarantee the standards of performance and enforce them; they should provide lessening guidance in bibliography or in laboratory technique. They must read student reports and examinations. But they should not serve as tutors. The student who requires tutorial help, who requires a teacher for everything he learns, is not ready to begin independent study. On the other hand, we should not confuse independent study with "honors" programs for especially gifted students. All students deserve the opportunity to become self-educable. Twice recently I have met the charming word *autodidacticism*, which really means self-teaching. The problem is to make it catching.

How can we shape an undergraduate program to this end?

It would be an interesting and sensible innovation in a college program, I suggest, to require most juniors and all seniors to undertake one course without regularly scheduled classes and without close faculty supervision.

Freshmen and most sophomores, presumably, would take four or five courses and have an instructor for each course, as they do now. But by the second semester or third quarter of the sophomore year, some students should be able to study and learn without the metronomic stimulus of regular class meetings for every course. They may be expected to read Act IV or Chapter 9 without specific assignment of them and without the threat of immediate quiz or examination. They should be given the opportunity to do so on their own.

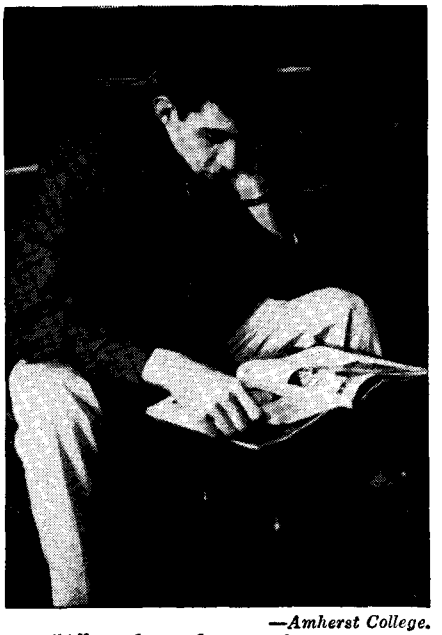
By the second half of the junior year, the normal pattern should require the student to pursue four courses, with instructors provided in only three. He would be on his own for the fourth.

No doubt there would be exceptions. Slower students would probably still need instruction or frequent access to instructors for all their courses. During their first experience with independent study, perhaps all students should be required to submit periodic reports of progress, for easing the faculty's conscience as well as for their own reassurance. But during the senior year, all students should be required to pursue at least one course without class meetings or close faculty supervision. Graduation should be contingent on demonstrated ability to learn without a teacher.

SINCE few of us like to admit our own dispensability, I am not very hopeful that we will take such heroic steps to free the student from dependence on us. "His liberty is full of threats to all." (For those who were absent, I identify the source of the quotation: "*Hamlet*," Act IV.)

Then there is a more modest proposal for independent study that we may consider. It has been suggested in a number of colleges—I know of three in which it has been cheerfully rejected. But this more modest proposal I nevertheless make seriously, in the hope that a few more faculties will consider it. Here it is:

If every student in a college were required to read during each college year four specified books and demonstrate that he had read them, a number of things would happen. In every class, the instructor could soon assume common knowledge of at least four books. In classes for sophomores, juniors, and seniors, he could assume common knowledge of eight, twelve, or sixteen books. Class discussions would require the professor to read each year's books in self-defense. As the years progressed, he would have read an increasing number of books himself, outside his own discipline, and could assume that his colleagues would also have common knowledge of them. If the books were chosen from a variety of disciplines, some progress would be made toward closing the gap between the literary and scientific cultures—the gap of which C. P. Snow has written somewhat frighteningly. Student bull sessions would range over other topics than sex and religion. It would not take long to change the intellectual climate of a campus, or to develop an intellectual climate.



—*Amherst College.*

"All students deserve the opportunity to become self-educable."

Students would learn first that they must, and then that they can, read serious books without a teacher's gloss. They would discover that "The Wealth of Nations" was written for literate Englishmen, not for professional economists; there were none at the time it was written. Or if the choice were Galbraith's "The Affluent Society," they would discover that contemporary economics may also be the concern of the literate layman. They would learn that "The Federalist Papers," if that were the choice, were written for literate American citizens—or that this year's "Goals for Americans" is not the exclusive concern of government officials. They would discover that one need not be a biologist to gain some understanding of biology from "The Origin of the Species." They might learn that "The Iliad" can give an American student some of the pleasure and some of the knowledge of man that it gave to an ancient Greek.

BUT when one mentions titles, the first argument begins. Some insist that their favorite books be required. Others reply that students cannot read the books suggested without the help of a teacher—that "The Wealth of Nations" and "The Federalist Papers," for example, are too difficult. Another group points out that Darwin has been modified and superseded, and a long-suffering minority thinks "The Iliad" in translation is a travesty of the original.

Let the books be important, let them not be textbooks, choose none that are included in any other required course in the college, and I will not enter the argument about which books should be read. I think at least one each year

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should be from the humanities, one from the social sciences, and one from the natural sciences. But let the faculty choose them.

Of course students will not understand them as well as if they had the teacher's gloss. The economist can discern and explain implications of Adam Smith not apparent to the layman. The political scientist or the historian can add depth and perspective to the student's reading of "The Federalist Papers." The biologist can correct Darwin. The classicist can illuminate "The Iliad." With the help of teachers, the student will learn everything faster, better, and more easily—everything except independence of the teacher.

Another argument begins when it is pointed out that academic mores require recorded credit for work accomplished by students. The simple thing is to consider the reading a required course and to record one credit for every student who demonstrates on an examination that he has read the four books of the year with minimum understanding. The college of 2,000 students would award 2,000 credits each year with instructional costs limited to the nominal expense of machine-scored examinations. This alone could make possible a 3 per cent across-the-board increase in faculty salaries.

"BUT freshmen and seniors would be reading the same books," I can hear a colleague say, "and it would not be fair to grade them on the same scale on the same examination."

Then use a sliding scale, or use a graded examination, or mark them only *pass* or *fail*.

But pass or fail grades can't count toward cumulative averages, toward election to Phi Beta Kappa or other honor societies, toward acceptance by a graduate school, and no grade of *P* is coded on the registrar's IBM cards. Transfer students could not meet the whole requirement. Other colleges might not accept transfer credit for a freshman of sophomore independent reading course. If the books came from different disciplines, there would be no way to give credit in any particular subject. No department would be responsible. It would be administratively difficult.

The object of the proposal is not to raise faculty salaries, although it can do that. The object is not to make administration easy, nor to oblige the registrar. It is not merely to prove that freshmen can read hard books. It is to make sure that every student will have *read* sixteen important books when he graduates and will *know* that he can read others. If he can, perhaps he will.

Logan Wilson: Academic Realist

By RICHARD M. MOREHEAD,
Austin Bureau of the Dallas News.

LOGAN WILSON, new president of the American Council on Education, once wrote a book titled "The Academic Man." This may prove to have been a subconscious autobiography. For this sociologist (Ph.D., Harvard, 1939) brings from Texas to the nation's capital a rare quality of educational statesmanship.

Logan Wilson has been compared to Woodrow Wilson (no relation) both in intellect and manner. The American Council's new chief is a handsome, chain-smoking fellow with a gray-flannel exterior. As dean of Sophie Newcomb college for girls, he drew wolf whistles from the dormitory windows.

But it is Wilson's qualities of mind and deed that won him the American Council position after an eight-year term as administrative head of the University of Texas (President and Chancellor). The period brought great advancement to education in Wilson's native Texas.

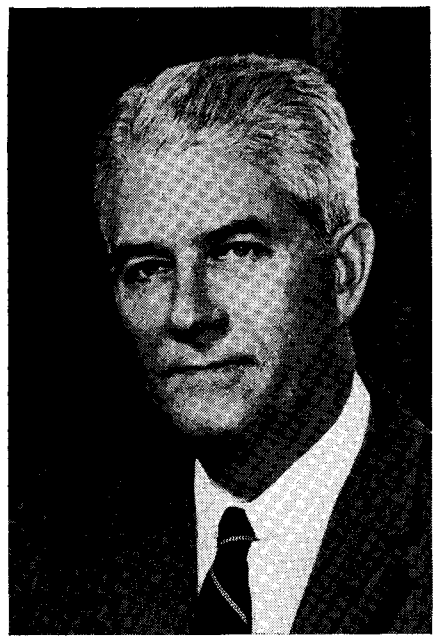
Logan Wilson doubts that the educational administrator who serves well will win any popularity contests. He believes in facing the hard facts, and laying them out cold before people who can make the required improvements. To legislators, for example, he recommends doubling the salaries of teachers —as insurance for national survival. To faculty members, he criticizes academic tenure as a stumbling block in many instances.

One reason that the American Council presidency interested Logan Wilson is his belief that U.S. education is moving into a great new phase, and his desire to help shape its course.

"There's going to be less laissez-faire in the future," he says. "I hope that we can preserve local and institutional autonomy. But education is so critical to the national welfare and survival that we must move forward toward national minimum standards. There's too much variation now."

In Wilson's view, the individual will remain important in higher education, but the nation's educators must think increasingly in the broader terms of quantity—how many trained people we need in every field.

"We can't leave this to chance," he observed. "All this must be thought



Dr. Logan Wilson—spokesman for higher education.

out through organizations such as the American Council on Education—unless we want to turn this over to the federal government and let the politicians make these decisions."

Logan Wilson is not against federal assistance in education. "It's desirable that maximum support come from within the states—but it's not factual to speak as if federal aid to education is new," he explains. "We've been getting miscellaneous federal aid for a long time, and nobody can point to any flagrant interference by the federal government."

In fact, Dr. Wilson contends that Congress has displayed more of a hands-off policy than the legislatures of some states in parceling out school funds.

"Interference is bad," he says. "I don't know that it's any worse coming from Washington than it is from Austin, Albany, or Sacramento."

The American Council's new President is convinced that some states are financially unable to support the system of education they need. "If the states do not or cannot assume their obligation, the federal government must step in," he argues. "These issues are too important to the national welfare to do otherwise."

The American Council is not a lobbying organization or pressure group,

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but it does speak with a powerful voice in national and local educational policy-making. This year, Logan Wilson has been chairman of its committee on Problems and Policies.

More than 1,000 colleges and universities and 140 educational organizations belong to the Council. Its finances come from membership dues and from grants by foundations and professional societies. The Council also conducts research into problems related to education, partly through contracts with federal agencies, and distributes reports on these findings.

At fifty-four, Logan Wilson is well equipped by mind, experience, and spirit for his new position. He believes in selling education at the grassroots. No person ever did more to sell Texans on the idea of putting their money—hundreds of millions of dollars annually—into high-quality education. And they like it.

Logan Wilson appealed both to their horse sense and their pride.

While he knows his way around legislative as well as academic circles, Wilson is an individualist in both places. In seeking appropriations for the University of Texas, for example, he stuck to objectives he could plainly justify. The Texas Legislature, surprised by such candor after years of trimming padded budget requests, responded by giving the Wilson administration virtually the entire amount that was requested. Included were substantially larger funds for faculty salaries, research, and library facilities. The University already had endowment funds for building.

Wilson prods the teaching profession to give the taxpayer his money's worth. "There's a fetish in academic circles about small classes," he notes. "This is important in such subjects as freshman English, for you can learn to write only by writing. But it's *not* always true that you lower the quality of education by increasing the size of classes. Some things can be taught well by closed-circuit television, for example. In lecturing, I don't see that it makes much difference how many students there are. New methods will enable us to make more effective use of our best teachers."

Logan Wilson believes that quality education is the best solution to the nation's problems, including unemployment.

In his opinion, students generally must get along with less personal attention from teachers than formerly; there are too many of them to be taught effectively by old-fashioned methods. Yet he does not think education will suffer from mass production.

While there will be new ways of teaching, Wilson says education must rely also upon proven tools of the profession. "In some places," he says, "the book is almost a forgotten invention."

Texans generally respect straight talk and action. Logan Wilson displayed these qualities and left behind, when he moved to Washington, an unparalleled respect from Texas legislators, faculty members, students, and alumni. The whole school system reflects the upgrading of standards directed by Wilson at the University of Texas.

Heads of other state universities asked how Wilson "camouflaged" the plan of instituting selective admission examinations at Texas in 1956. "Did you ever try it?" replied Wilson to his startled colleagues. At the University of Texas, first state university in the nation to adopt the compulsory program, selective admissions proved an instant success. Even students already on the campus caught the spirit. Their grades rose also.

FAR from being critical of the change, Texans took it as a matter of pride. Today, many of Texas's ablest young people who attend the state university would formerly have grazed in greener educational pastures on either seaboard.

Dr. Wilson and the Board of Regents linked to this change one of the most difficult tasks which Southern educators are called upon to perform—racial desegregation. This, too, was performed successfully, and today the University of Texas stands as an example of desegregation without strife. Academically, the Negro at Texas is fully equal. Some discrimination continues in housing, varsity athletics, social activities, and areas where the off-campus public is involved, but one should look at the accomplishments of the period to appreciate fully how far Texas education has moved ahead during the Wilson years.

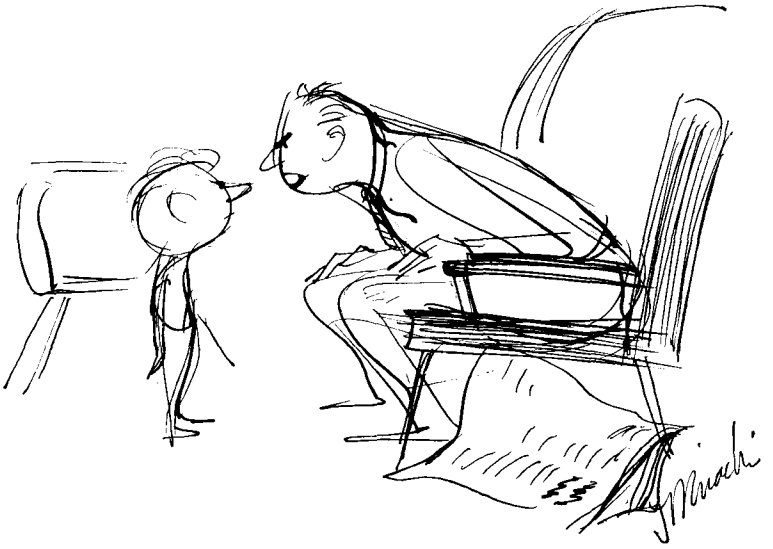
Dr. Walter Prescott Webb, past president of the American Historical Association, wrote on the occasion of his retirement as a professor at the University of Texas in 1958: "It is obvious that I think well of Logan Wilson. If I had one word of advice to my colleagues, it would be to recognize that he is doing the things that ought to be done in a great university; and I would urge them to assist him in making it what it ought to be in the future."

Logan Wilson likes life on the college campus. Yet he has never aspired to be merely an ivory-tower professor. His career shows a man in motion, an architect of educational progress. Tenure for Wilson has never been important.

Wilson's straight talk to Texas legislators—who often view higher education with misgiving—proved to be a successful method of dealing with them. Salaries were increased substantially during his eight years at the University. The pay is still below the best in the United States, but is attractive enough that the University of Texas has been able to strengthen its faculty with top-notch younger members.

In this effort, Dr. Wilson also proved adept at influencing the business community. The University of Texas observed the seventy-fifth anniversary of its founding in 1958. This was accompanied by a critical survey, employing outside experts as well as interested alumni and other citizens, to see how the University of Texas stood academically in its various departments and branches, and what was needed to bring these to eminence as "a university of the first class" within at least twenty-five years.

One of the goals is raising millions



"Go on, throw a tantrum. I dare you."

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of dollars from private sources to supplement public funds. Wilson turned attention to getting more support for research, and for supplementing salaries. State institutions often are limited in employing top faculty people by the salary ceilings which legislatures feel bound to employ. Wilson eased this problem by applying funds donated by private foundations, business corporations, and others to supplement salaries. This principle has long been employed in athletic departments, where football enthusiasts sweeten the coach's salary. While the whole story of Logan Wilson's dealing with athletics in the sports-minded Southwest is yet to be told, he did manage to keep football from dominating the University of Texas. The imposition of selective admission examinations at Texas was viewed as a blow to its football future. A national magazine proclaimed "Something's Got to Give at Texas," when the university's football enthusiasts obtained the employment as head coach former All-American Darrell Royal.

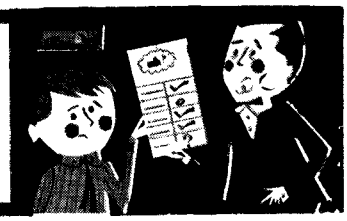
But Texas's football fortunes and its academic rating rose simultaneously, partly through a tutoring system initiated for its athletes.

"One thing worse than having a team that rarely wins is having one that season after season rarely loses," Dr. Wilson remarked. "To me, the latter is prima facie evidence that an institution has compromised its academic standards." But he added that there is no essential conflict between intellectual accomplishment and athletic prowess within the same student body, or any individual member of it, for that matter.

The American Council's new president will bring to his new office a wide background of education and experience. He holds a bachelor's degree from Sam Houston State, master's degree both from Texas and Harvard, a Doctor of Philosophy from Harvard, and honorary doctorates from Tulane and Texas Christian University. His teaching career started at East Texas State College in 1928, in English. This has always been a favorite subject, and Logan Wilson has a professional flair for writing.

In succession, his career led to the Massachusetts Community Project (1936-37); Harvard (tutor in sociology); University of Maryland; Tulane (head of Sociology Department 1941-43) University of Kentucky (department head); Dean of Newcomb College (for women); Vice President and Provost, Consolidated University of North Carolina; President, University of Texas; and finally Chancellor at Texas. He is a member of many honorary and professional oragnizations, including Phi Beta Kappa.

Report Card



'OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES . . .' Third-graders at the Brooklyn Avenue School in Valley Stream, Long Island, were recently asked by their teacher to write candidly what they thought about their parents, school, and themselves. Sample comments:

Parents—"Everybody should have parents."

School—"My school is where teachers come to teach but some children don't get teached."

Themselves—"I don't think people should like me."

REVIVAL OF AN ANCIENT ART. At the Yale commencement last month, 2,127 undergraduate, graduate, and professional degrees were conferred, as well as thirteen honorary degrees, one certificate in transportation, and, from the School of Nursing, four certificates in midwifery.

LATINUS IMPERFECTUS. President Kennedy has plenty of troubles on his mind, but now comes a new one—his Latin has been criticized on two recent occasions. First, the New York *Herald Tribune* pointed out several minor errors in the President's response, in Latin, to a group of schoolgirls who had sent him a Latin translation of his inaugural address. Then *America*, the Jesuit weekly, took him to task for misquoting the classic first line of Caesar's "Gallic Wars" during his recent visit to Paris, adding in the unkindest cut of all, that this "demonstrated Harvard's wisdom in doing away with the use of Latin on diplomas."

DON'T MISS OUR NEXT THRILLING INSTALLMENT. The Educational Supplement of the *Times* of London, in a recent issue, quoted the following from an announcement about examinations for the Loughborough College of Technology: "The Special Examination will be in two parts. In the first part, the candidate will attend a short lecture of between 10 and 15 minutes' duration on a topic which will not be divulged."

WHO PULLED THE PLUG? Two British students recently set out on a voyage to France in a motor-driven bathtub. After five hours, having made fourteen miles out of Dover, they had to turn back because the English Channel was too choppy.

AFTER SUNSET COMES THE DAWN, CHAPTER II. A school bus driver in Webster, New York, a fifty-nine-year-old grandfather of three, became the oldest man ever to graduate from the University of Rochester when he received his diploma last month. This fall he will begin teaching geography to ninth-graders in Webster High School.

THE OBNOXIOUS WEED. All the new academic buildings at Miami University in Oxford, Ohio, were financed by a state tax on cigarettes, but the first sign a visitor encounters when visiting any of them is: "No Smoking."

SIX AND SIX ARE TWELVE. A six-year-old kindergarten pupil in Memphis, Tennessee, has been admitted to membership in the American Contract Bridge League. He learned the game by looking on while his mother took lessons, and his greatest accomplishment to date is a little slam in spades.

COMMERCIAL. The assistant dean of the college of arts and sciences at Vanderbilt recently issued this warning to students: "Very few excused examinations will be authorized, and any student who misreads the examination schedule, sleeps through an examination, or misses an examination because of undue fatigue brought on by last-minute cramming, or who disables himself through the use of No-Doze pills, shall not be allowed to take a make-up examination."

HOLDING THEIR FEET TO THE FIRE. In the midst of the recent college basketball scandals, when officials of the embarrassed institutions were piously wringing their hands in public, Red Smith of the New York *Herald Tribune* wrote this devastating comment in his sports column: "Don't they realize that a boy who can be bribed to shoot baskets can also be bribed to miss them, if the price is right?"

A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY, Chapter II. Students at the Derby Technical College in England recently set a new record for smashing a piano into pieces small enough to go through a nine-inch opening. The job, accomplished with sledge hammers, took only fourteen minutes. Two Manchester University students held the previous record, thirty-two minutes. —JOHN SCANLON.

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TROUBLES OF A HEADMASTER

The Lady's Not for Learning

*This article is reprinted by special arrangement from the Educational Supplement of the Times of London.**

By B. F. RICE

I SEEM to remember that, in the 1930s, the people who know about these things used to point gloomily to our declining birth rate and the peril we were in from the teeming hordes of Asia. Whether for patriotic reasons or not, parents in the 1940s responded magnificently to the challenge. Quivers were never fuller, and it seems rather churlish of us headmasters nowadays to be grumbling about the resultant bulge in our teenage population. But, as our school populations increase each September with an exuberant inevitability that building programs cannot match, we feel very much in the position of the old woman who lived in a shoe.

Accommodation is not our greatest difficulty, however. In the past few years we have learned to live with all manner of shifts and subterfuges. Blackboards and easels have appeared in the most unlikely places. Much more intractable in a mixed school like mine is the problem of balanced staffing. The monstrous regiment of women teachers has dwindled to a highly desirable platoon. The lady, it is becoming obvious, is not for learning. There are too many graduate hands rocking cradles today, and these young mothers are scarcely out of the nursing home before we headmasters are wrangling on their doorsteps, hoping to lure them from the maternal felicities with the offer of a graded post. Domestic science teachers are, not surprisingly, in rather short supply. Less understandable perhaps is the rapidity with which physical education mistresses are whisked off into marriage. Can it be that our young men prefer women who can do handstands to those who can merely cook and sew?

Whatever the reason, we headmasters feel very bitterly about these young women who teach for twelve months, cajole us into buying a new agility mattress or a trampette, then get married to do their philoprogenitive bit. We find ourselves toying with dark theories which, systematically applied, would lead to full staff-rooms and race extinction. Our harassment is beginning to be seen in the very jargon we use. Have you noticed for instance how in our advertisements for staff the phrase "Mistress or master," with all its plaintive undertones, is beginning to replace the conventional "Master or mistress"? Symptomatic of the curmudgeonly view we take of this vogue for matrimony is the phrase "Wastage through marriage," which we are using more and more in our mutual condolings. A woman's place, we feel, is in the classroom.

Everyone knows about the shortage of science teachers, particularly female ones. Not nearly enough young ladies are locked in our laboratories these days. My self-esteem suffered badly in my last attempt to get a biology mistress. At the second advertisement one young woman applied and, having been summoned to interview by telegram (I was tempted to send a taxi and a box of chocolates, but county treasurers get huffy about such things), made no secret of the fact that I was only one of several head teachers wooing for her services. The interview was unorthodox. She grilled me with a battery of hostile questions about my regime, appeared none too satisfied with the sycophantic answers I gave, and turned down the post when it was offered to her. I am quite sure she wasn't really looking for a job at all, but merely going from school to school collecting material for a satirical little book on headmasters.

There are certain points of strategy that one acquires with experience. A year or two ago, in response to an advertisement for an English mistress, I was overjoyed to receive four applications and lost no time in inviting them all for interview. By 2 p.m. on the appointed day, three very bewitching young persons had arrived and in no time at all my bush telegraph told me that the sixth-form boys were making a book on their chances. Just before the interviewing began, my fourth candidate arrived, severe, angular, and of obviously unassailable virtue. "Choose the plain one!" my Deputy Head (a realist) hissed into my ear as I ushered the governors into the interviewing chamber. Unethically but wisely I followed his advice, and she is still with us—a bit thin on the nineteenth-century poets perhaps, but unmarried, unengaged, happily wedded to her vocation.

Not often, however, has one such freedom of choice. Last week, for instance, I interviewed Miss June S., sole applicant for a geography post. She was well qualified, agreeable, and earnest, but of a provocatively feminine shape which a light summer attire did little to subdue. I found the song "June is bustin' out all over" running irreverently through my head. Her engagement ring (I have acquired an unerring eye for these ominous baubles) indicated that I would soon be advertising again. In any case, could I take the risk of offering Miss S.'s curvilinear charms to the middle-school boys? I envied my colleagues in single-sex schools on whom the facts of life weigh less heavily.

FOR a long time I observed in interviews what seemed to me a proper delicacy in refraining from inquiries into the private lives and intentions of these young women. Now events have made me bolder, and I ply them unblushingly with questions as to their love life and biological ambitions. It all began some years ago when I needed a chemistry teacher. There were three candidates; an emergency-trained man with little but a solemn sense of vocation to commend him; a Cambridge graduate who wrote illegibly in red ink, had left university for a mysterious post whose details he seemed unwilling to divulge, and now occupied a deservedly obscure appointment in the school's dental service; and, shining like a candle in a naughty, unpedagogic world, an energetic young woman with a good honors degree and glowing credentials. The only fly in the ointment was that she was married. Would she, within a term or two, become interestingly conditioned? I conveyed this fear to my chairman of governors. "There's only one way to find out!" was his admirable reply. Inside of five minutes he had summoned the lady back and, with a few down-to-earth questions, elicited satisfactory undertakings. A most estimable young woman, and a chairman to revere.

But one has to be constantly on the alert. Today, for instance, news reached me from an unimpeachable source that one of my young masters has been making sheep's eyes at the mathematics mistress, a very pearl among teachers. My strategy is clear. I must get him to America for a year on one of those exchange visits.

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While School Keeps

POLICY STATEMENTS by unofficial bodies seldom make revolutions, but they often reflect them. "The Central Purpose of American Education," most recent publication of the influential Educational Policies Commission, is such a one, but it is notable on a number of counts. In the words of the EPS, "The purpose which runs through and strengthens all other educational purposes—the common thread of education—is the development of the ability to think. This is the central purpose to which the school must be oriented. . . ."

In 1938 this same Educational Policies Commission, though with different membership, published "The Purposes of Education in American Democracy." Few documents in the library of modern education have more exactly stated the prevailing attitudes of educational leaders of the time. And none has drawn more sustained and concentrated fire from critics for its failure to assign priorities among the forty-three objectives its listed. But the EPC does not deny its past works; rather, it reinterprets the earlier statement in an effort to provide an intellectual bridge with the past.

Sponsored by the National Educational Association and the American Association of School Administrators, the EPC is composed of leading educators from every level of education, plus an outstanding layman or two. Assigned the task of formulating and publishing suggested policies for American education, the EPC declared that among all the qualities required by free men, "It is the contention of this essay that central to all of them, nurturing them and being nurtured by them, are the rational powers of man."

CURRICULUM REVISION in the sciences, mathematics, foreign languages, and English has made headlines repeatedly in recent months. The social studies, by contrast, have been notable primarily for inaction. Recent reports indicate, however, that changes are on the way. University scholars are cooperating with high school teachers in a thoroughgoing reappraisal of the teaching of history, economics, government, and related studies in the junior and senior high schools.

Sparked by the American Council of Learned Societies' Committee on the Secondary Schools in cooperation with the National Council for the Social Studies, the project aims to provide guide lines for curriculum reform rather than a blueprint for a national curriculum. Scholars in the interested disciplines—anthropology, economics, geography, history, and political science, as well as Asian and Russian studies—are outlining with high school teachers the relevant content and objectives.

It is hoped that a better integrated curriculum in the social studies will bring both increased depth and breadth to a critical area of study in the schools, and better coordination with study of the social sciences at the college level. We may also hope that the current reappraisal will point the way to more effective citizenship education as it is incorporated in the social studies.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO is meeting the space age head on with the formation of a new academic Department of the Geophysical Sciences. Growing out of the experience gained in interdisciplinary approaches to modern science during the International Geophysical Year, the new department will bring together eighteen geologists, oceanographers, meteorologists, and astronomers to study "the earth, the oceans, the atmosphere, the sun, and interplanetary space in a single scientific endeavor." The new department will be devoted almost exclusively to basic research and graduate research training.

SCHOOLS IN DEPRESSED AREAS in large cities usually have trouble attracting the teachers they need. The image of the "blackboard jungle" is firmly imprinted on the national consciousness and young teachers hesitate to apply to large urban school districts for fear they will be assigned to such a school. But Districts 23 and 24 in the northern reaches of New York City have initiated a highly successful project to erase that image from the minds of prospective teachers in nearby colleges.

The formula couldn't be simpler, according to Assistant Superintendent Carmella Nesi. Students at neighboring colleges are invited to visit the school, see it in operation, and participate in a career day program. The students include seniors who are about to graduate as licensed teachers, juniors who are already launched on their professional studies, and sophomores who are considering teaching as a career.

This year—the second for the project—seventy-five students from ten colleges visited P. S. 112 and Junior High School 145. They attended classes, observed special services in action, heard four young teachers tell why they had chosen teaching as a profession, and saw for themselves that the children were not only controlled, but were actively learning. As a result, twenty of the twenty-three seniors attending signed up to teach in the city's schools next year.

SUMMER SCHOOL was once the resort of the dull and the lazy who failed during the regular school term, but in recent years it has become the happy hunting ground of the eager scholar and the aspiring teacher. Many communities have considered, and rejected, plans for year-round operation, but the sight of expensive facilities lying idle during 25 per cent of the year nags at tax-conscious educators and citizens alike. The voluntary summer school, however, is beginning to bridge the summer learning gap.

"Extending the School Year," a new pamphlet issued by the Association for Supervision and Curriculum Development (1201 Sixteenth Street N.W., Washington 6, D.C., $1.25), reviews the many kinds of community and educational purposes served by summer schools across the nation. They range from simple supervised recreation programs to advanced studies in the sciences and humanities not offered during the regular school year. As the twin pressures of expanding knowledge and growing enrollments become increasingly acute, the voluntary summer school may gradually and naturally lead us to the year round school.

At the college and university level, the movement to make better use of institutional facilities during the summer months is more advanced. A growing number of zealous students and teachers are taking advantage of the summer for extra study or a shorter college career. As a result, summer sessions have grown to the point where a full semester's study can often be completed during the "vacation" period. **"The Shape of Summer Sessions to Come,"** edited by Clarence A. Schoenfeld and published by the University of Wisconsin Summer Sessions (Madison, Wisconsin), reports on the great diversity of summer programs today and points to probable developments in the future. Even more clearly than at the elementary and secondary level it appears that extended summer sessions will lead a growing number of colleges and universities to join those institutions that have already instituted a year-round operation on the trimester or four-quarter plan. —JAMES CASS.

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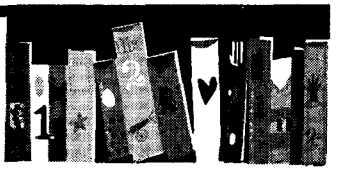
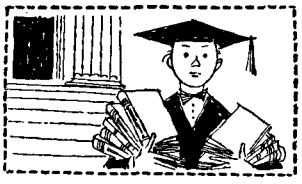
the Editor's Bookshelf



"THE FUTURE OF EDUCATION," by by Thomas Molnar (Fleet, 159 pp., $3.95): There is a small but ardent audience awaiting this book. All those who believe that John Dewey has been a grievous affliction on the practice of education, will find that knowledge deeply respected. All who think that democracy has been diminished as "mass culture" has extended, will find that recognition celebrated in Gothic prose. All those who yearn for the return of the trivium and the quadrivium will find their yearning elegantly fortified. This is indeed a book for conjuring away the worst part of the twentieth century. But does magic ever work?

Russell Kirk in his lengthy and appreciative foreword, claims that "This is a book about educational theory, written by a scholar in the line of Tocqueville." If this is so, then educational theory and Alexis de Tocqueville have both been badly served. The best that can be said for the book is that it is a powerful emotion recollected in anxiety. The marvelous enterprise of modern education needs nobler advocates than Messrs. Kirk and Molnar.

–F.G.J.



"THE CRISIS OF WESTERN EDUCATION," by Christopher Dawson (Sheed and Ward, 246 pp., $3.95): A prominent English Catholic layman, defending the marches of his faith, has written a book that might be read with profit by Dr. Molnar and his little legion. Dawson is every bit as deeply alarmed as Molnar is with the consequences of educational and moral drift. But it is an alarm not bred of either panic or despair. Distrustful of secularization of the classroom, wary of any ideology that interposes things between man and his worth, Dawson possesses a dark confidence in the capacity of man to provide for his own salvation. "The Crisis of Western Education" goes far beyond the parochial whimperings of the intellectually disinherited. And, although he pleads for a very special kind of education for his coreligionists, Dawson is to be applauded for his brilliantly conceived vision of the proper school for the City of Man.

–F.G.J.

"WHAT PRIORITY FOR EDUCATION," by David D. Henry (University of Illinois Press, 92 pp., $2.50), and **"MORE RESOURCES FOR EDUCATION,"** by Seymour E. Harris (Harper, 86 pp., $2.95): There is a price—an educational price—that Americans must pay for national security, their standard of living, even national survival, acording to David D. Henry, president of the University of Illinois. As a nation, we have long been committed to education as society's great instrument for transforming human lives and for insuring the national welfare. But there has always been a wide gap between word and deed, between "faith and fulfillment." And the gap, President Henry believes, is growing ominously wider at a time when we can ill afford any lag between, as it were, appreciation and appropriation.

"What Priority for Education" analyzes the nature of our problem and the reasons for its development. These collected papers are concerned primarily with higher education, but the views expressed apply almost equally to the elementary and secondary schools. The solution of the problem posed by ardent lip service to the cause of education accompanied by a growing reluctance to support the schools adequately is not set forth in detail. But President Henry's conviction that the public must assume responsibility for all levels of education is persuasively stated.

Seymour E. Harris, eminent Harvard economist, agrees that the basic problem of education is one of support—of public willingness to shoulder the necessary burden. "Our economy is big enough to justify large expenditures for education," he argues in "More Resources for Education." And he documents his assertion with force and clarity. This is an economist's book for laymen, concerned with hard facts and figures. But the decision, in the final analysis, will depend not upon whether the nation has the ability to support its schools, but whether it has the will. And, in the words of the subtitle of "What Priority for Education," "The American people must soon decide."

–J.C.

PH

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Church, School

Continued from page 51

financial assistance for the religious schools established. Only by maintaining strict separation of church and state, they say, can all Americans enjoy the freedom of conscience Catholics exercised when they set up their own schools. As for the public burden assumed by parochial schools, most adherents of this view would prefer to have all children enrolled in public schools at public expense.

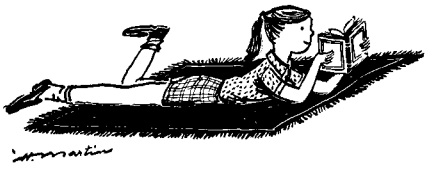
To the contention that present and prospective federal and state aid acts are discriminatory and place a price tag on the free exercise of religious liberty, the answer is similar. The famous Oregon case (Pierce *v.* Society of Sisters), in 1925, affirmed parents' right to choose the kind of school they want their children to attend, say strict separation adherents. It made clear that the state cannot compel parents to send their children to public schools, but it did not guarantee that the state would provide at public expense whatever kind of school any group of parents might decide they wanted.

Manifestly, these arguments and the many variations on these central themes, help to define the issues, but do little to resolve them. The debate may make Americans more knowledgeable about the issues of church and state in education, but is not likely, by itself, to persuade the unconvinced. Except for extremists, there is no single "right" point of view just as there is no single American tradition. The debate has always been confused by the contradictory precedents that our diverse nation affords. Every man can find a text to fit his sermon. Even constitutional questions cannot surely be settled. The Supreme Court has not yet ruled on most aspects of the issue and even if it had, it would remain within the power of the people to modify the constitution to meet the imperative demands of national life. Therefore, it appears more fruitful, as a guide to considering national policy, to inquire into the possible courses of action and the potential effects on American society that each might have.

There are, broadly speaking, four possibilities. First, we might continue the present situation under which no public funds go directly to parochial schools, but some peripheral services, such as bus transportation, health services, and the like, are publicly supported as benefits to the child rather than to the school or its sponsoring institution. Second, we might eliminate public support for even those peripheral services that now receive it and re-establish an impregnable wall of separation in the field of education. Third, public funds might be made available directly to parochial schools for the support of nonreligious facilities and instruction. Fourth, some compromise between the first and third possibilities might be evolved.

If no action is taken to alter the financing of parochial schools, we can expect at least two results.

Parochial schools will take fuller advantage of the public aid already available to them. A greater effort will be made to secure state and local funds for educational services now sanctioned by the Supreme Court under the child benefit principle. And very possibly they will also take more advantage of the loan provisions of the National Defense Education Act which have not



been used widely because other sources of funds are still available to the Church on more attractive terms. But these are only palliatives, in the view of Catholics, not solutions.

We can also expect that, barring a Supreme Court decision explicitly defining the areas in which public aid to parochial schools—or to their pupils—is permissible, the Catholic community will become increasingly restive under its growing financial burden. Their demands for public funds will become more importunate. At the same time, resistance to increasing local support for the public schools will grow. In the past, despite repeated statements by spokesmen for the Church concerning the duty of all citizens to support the public schools, Catholic enthusiasm for raising public school taxes has often been less than wholehearted, especially in communities with large parochial school enrollments.

In other words, the Catholic community is unlikely to accept no action as a final resolution of the issue—it would merely feel that the day of decision has been deferred. Meanwhile, the sense of being discriminated against, whether valid or not, will grow and an increasing number of Catholics will feel aggrieved.

It is not likely that any serious, nationwide attempt will be made in the foreseeable future to withdraw those educational and welfare services now enjoyed by parochial school students at public expense. Some Americans believe that they represent a breach in the wall of separation between church and state, but unless the Supreme Court were to reverse its previous decisions sanctioning such services, positive action would not be politically attractive.

The third possibility—that substantial federal aid might be made available directly to parochial schools—would bring many changes in its wake.

One of the first would be a rapid expansion and extension of the parochial school system. Most of the Catholic children now attending public schools would soon be enrolled in parochial schools. We can assume, then, that in the near future upwards of 25 per cent of all the nation's elementary and secondary school students would attend Catholic parochial schools.

Simple justice as well as equality before the law would, of course, demand that similar aid be made available to schools maintained by other religious denominations. No one can say how many would take advantage of the opportunity, but Protestant and Jewish interest in parochial education has been rising. The growth of their church schools in recent years is tangible evidence of this interest. Despite the phenomenal increase in Catholic school enrollments, they represent a substantially smaller percentage of the total nonpublic school enrollment today than they did five or ten years ago. In the past decade Catholic school enrollments have increased by 66 per cent, while other private and parochial school enrollments grew by 340 per cent. Public support for parochial education would, inevitably, spur this growth materially.

What effect the increase in parochial schools would have on the public schools would depend, in part, on its extent. Nearly 25 per cent of all Americans are Catholics and most of them would probably send their children to church schools. Another 35 per cent are Protestant and Jewish church and synagogue members. Theoretically, then, it is possible that they too might choose parochial education for their children and that the public schools might, over a period of years, be reduced to a junior partner in the American educational enterprise, serving less than half the total school population. Such an eventuality is highly unlikely, however. More realistically, the public schools would probably continue to serve a majority of the nation's children, but a growing percentage of the school population would be drawn off to parochial schools, and the influence of the public schools would be diluted.

Any judgment on the effect such a shift in the educational balance of the nation would have on our society depends on one's point of view. Church spokesmen point out that historically education has always been a function

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of the church in Western civilization. The state is a relative newcomer to the field, and the secular public school an even more recent innovation. Concerned about the moral state of our rapidly changing society, churchmen of many denominations look to the church school as a means for sparking a renewed dedication to religious principles and practices. One of the surest ways to make such an effort effective, many of them believe, is to strengthen the church schools with the help of public funds.

PUBLIC school supporters, on the other hand, view the state's schools as America's unique instrument for creating a basic unity within the marvelous diversity of our pluralistic society. Traditionally, they point out, the public school has been the crucible in which the infinitely varied cultures and creeds and loyalties that are our heritage were melded into the main stream of our national life. Today, they say, American life is fragmented among many groups —political, religious, social, economic— which are often conflicting and competing. The public school, alone among our institutions, provides for all Americans a common experience that can give the necessary unity in diversity that is our true national strength.

This debate, as with others in the area of church-state relations, helps to define important issues, but is not likely to lead to a satisfactory resolution.

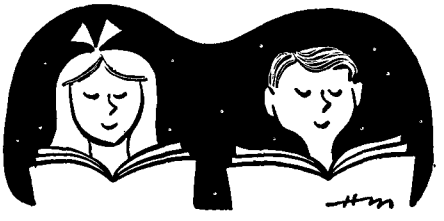
Finally, it would be unrealistic to assume that once federal aid was won for parochial schools, state and local support would not be sought. Once the principle of public support was established, there would be no logical reason to deny parochial schools full partnership in American education and a proportionate share of public funds at every level of government—federal, state, and local. As a practical matter, Catholics would not immediately press for full equality. In some communities and states, where public opinion is already inclined toward such a change, the transition would be rapid. In other areas, where state constitutions explicitly prohibit public funds for religious schools, and where public opinion is opposed to any change, the transition might take many years. But the objective would be clearly defined and progress toward it would be inexorable.

The fourth possibility—solutions of the issue that would take some action in response to Catholic demands, but would stop short of direct public support to parochial schools—has stimulated a variety of proposals. They are designed to preserve the principle of separation and, at the same time, provide varying degrees of aid to the parochial school system.

One of the simplest is the proposal that tuition payments by parents be made tax-deductible. The effect of such action would be primarily psychological, although it would provide some relief for hard-pressed parents. Certainly it would, by itself, have only a minor effect on parochial school financing.

Under the National Defense Education Act ten-year loans are now available to private schools for the purchase of teaching materials in science, mathematics, and foreign languages. Parochial schools have seldom taken advantage of these short-term loans for relatively small items. Congress is now, however, considering a proposal to expand this provision to make available long-term (forty-year) loans for the construction of classrooms for teaching these subjects. This proposal would offer substantial aid to parochial schools, but would not, of course, affect the basic problem of financing current operations.

Another proposal, first put forward some years ago by Beardsley Ruml, would authorize the federal government to make annual grants to the states for education, leaving to the individual states determination of how the funds are to be distributed. Some states might include church schools in the distribution, others might not; each would decide for itself. This proposal has the advantage of leaving determination of educational policy at the state level, but it would confuse the basic issue of church state relations in the nation as a whole instead of resolving it.



Community educational facilities that might be shared by both public and parochial school students have been suggested by a number of individuals. Under this arrangement, both public and parochial students would share buildings and equipment, constructed and maintained with public funds, for instruction in those areas of the school program that have no religious significance. The specific areas included might vary from community to community, but would include mathematics, the physical sciences, vocational education, physical education and athletics, and perhaps some others. Catholics would continue to support their own schools, without public funds, for instruction in areas of religious significance.

Such a plan would relieve parochial schools of responsibility for expensive buildings and equipment for some science laboratories, shops, domestic science rooms, and athletic facilities, as well as the expense of providing teachers. It has been estimated that if such a program were instituted at the high school level today, it would be possible immediately for the parochial schools to absorb all the Catholic children of secondary school age.

The proposal is attractive on a number of counts, not least of which is that the entire community could combine wholeheartedly in providing common facilities. It would also, in effect, bring parochial school students into the public schools for part of each day or week.

The plan also presents a number of serious difficulties. Scheduling problems in the public schools would be sticky, but a nation that is exploring space should not find them insuperable. The location of parochial and public schools would sometimes make for problems since they were not planned originally for such cooperative ventures, but common planning in the future could gradually eliminate the problem. More serious would be the reluctance of many Catholic educators to give up the bright vision of a complete Catholic school system serving all the children of their faith.

THESE and similar proposals will receive increasing attention in the months and years ahead. The reason is plain. Forty million Americans have made it clear that they are determined to have religious education for their children in schools of their own. Their right to do so is indisputable. But when they seek public funds for the support of their religious schools they come into direct conflict with the deeply felt principles of many millions of other Americans.

We are, today, evolving a new church-state relationship in the United States. Our national traditions developed within a predominantly Protestant culture. Today a large and growing Catholic minority is introducing a by no means new, but a newly influential force into American life. In purely practical, political terms, it cannot be ignored.

Historically, church-state relations in the United States have never, in practice, followed perfectly either the logic or the law on which they were based. Neither are they likely to do so in the future. But we would do well to review both principle and practice in the past and the direction of change in the future, to the end that national policy may serve both traditional values and contemporary justice for all Americans.

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Red China

Continued from page 47

won dominion over nearly two-thirds of a billion of the poorest, least industrialized, most backward mass of people on earth. Mao's leaders decided that the long-range success of their program hinged on educating this great mass of humanity to transform their small farms into modern agricultural enterprises and into a smoothly integrated industrial economy. They knew that national power stems from technology and that technology stems from knowledge. They knew that progress would be greatly speeded if every farmer and every worker were taught to read and write. They decided to make the short-term sacrifices involved in training millions of experts and technicians to build and run the farms and factories, to build the roads, dams and railways, and to create the modern wonders of chemistry and physics.

Early in 1950, Mao took up this challenge.

All schools were placed under the centralized authority of the Ministry of Education. In the years that followed, thousands of private institutions, including those operated by religious groups and foreign missions, were expropriated. The government's announced aim, spelled out by the vice minister of education, Chien Chun-jui, was "to create a national educational system based on help from Communist Russia, to establish a new kind of 'peoples' higher education and launch a border-to-border drive to eliminate illiteracy."

SOME 60,000 new primary schools sprang into existence each year as the decade wore on; in the first three years alone, the pupil population doubled. Kindergartens were established for children between three and seven years old.

In 1949, there were 227 colleges, universities, and special institutions in China, serving 117,000 students. Today there are more than 1,000 with a total enrollment of 800,000. All are incorporated into one great machine with its master control panel in Peking.

In 1953, the Ministry of Higher Education took over final and direct domination of all institutions, except military academies, and drastic changes followed immediately. Many old institutions were abandoned. New ones were created to meet the urgent needs for technically trained personnel. Colleges were uprooted from coastal areas and moved to the interior—lock, stock, and facilities. Universities were merged; the specialties of some were taken away and reattached to others. It was somewhat as if most of the major eastern universities of the U.S. were suddenly picked up and put down in Ohio, Nebraska, and Colorado. And as if the famous Harvard Business School and Wharton School of Finance at the University of Pennsylvania were wrenched from their mother institutions and reassembled at the Lincoln, Nebraska, Business Institute!

Now what is it like to be a pupil in a Chinese Communist school? Consider any three-year-old youngster. Let us call him Lin Chang and say that he is the son of a factory worker in Kaifeng, Hunan Province. Lin's experiences will be typical.

LIN will enter kindergarden and remain until he starts primary school at the age of seven. The government has announced that the kindergartens were established "to bring about healthy physical and mental development of children" before they begin their actual schooling. It seems far more likely, though, that there was a more practical reason—to release Lin's mother for construction labor while bringing Lin under Communist influence at the earliest possible moment.

Lin will go to primary school for six years, studying language, penmanship, arithmetic, history, geography, natural sciences, physical education, singing, drawing, and handicrafts. And he will undoubtedly be part of a large class going on split sessions. By 1955, rapidly expanding Communist schools were having woes of a sort understandable even in America. Most were on split sessions. Many were reporting serious shortages of supplies and complaining of a lack of financial support. And teachers were protesting they were being paid less than industrial workers and occupying social positions below those of untutored government functionaries.

If Lin passes his examinations at the end of his sixth year, he goes on to secondary school. This is also a six-year affair, divided into a junior middle and senior middle program. Should he fail, he is assigned to work as a laborer. But he has great incentive to continue his schooling because, as a secondary school graduate, he will be trained as a technician or member of a factory staff.

Lin needs some luck to crack the bottleneck in the flow of Chinese education. It lies in the secondary system. The reason, as elsewhere in the world, is a lack of teachers, buildings, and facilities. In Harbin, an electrical welding school has to hold classes in a bare dormitory room and it is fortunate to have that. In Shanghai, Tientsin, and Kwangtung, secondary schools are so scarce that primary school graduates—youngsters of thirteen—recently were ordered to move to border regions to serve in wasteland reclamation programs. Top national education officials are giving the problem high priority. They know there are now 92,000,000 youngsters in the primary schools—but only 15 per cent of this number can be accommodated in junior middle.

If Lin can make it, he will be assigned either to a general or a specialized secondary school. In the former, he will follow an academic program with strong emphasis on science and political indoctrination. His hours will be long and his studies hard. For example, in his first year of upper middle school—about equal to the high school sophomore year in the U.S.—he will study algebra, geometry, physics, chemistry, human anatomy, modern world history, Chinese geography and literature, economic geography of foreign countries, general political knowledge, foreign languages, physical education, and map drawing. The next year trigonometry will be added to this imposing list.

IN his politics course, which he will take for the entire six years of secondary school, Lin will be thoroughly steeped in the theory of revolution, the basis of Marxism and Leninism, and the fundamental policies of the Chinese Communist Party. Even in a general course, he will study industrial production, taking many trips to nearby factories. And even if he is a city boy, he will study basic agriculture, experimenting on lots owned by the school.

The specialized schools give instruction in more than 200 specific areas, including 163 in the field of engineering, each representing an acute national need. The schools include such diverse fields as forestry, pharmacy, and broadcasting.

If Lin is a promising student, there is a chance he will be sent away to boarding school for his secondary studies. This is a system the Chinese have borrowed from the Russians. Millions of Communist youngsters are now attending these boarding schools, most of them of high school age, although some are in primary grades.

The boarding schools are not compulsory but strong pressure will be put on Lin's mother and father if they object. In Peiping recently, a number of parents protested that children sent away from home would be deprived of mother love, whereupon the *China Youth Daily* took them sharply to task: schools, and 80,000 have finished the

"Parents should understand that their children are going to live in a Communist state where the old and young will be both properly taken care of," the paper wrote. It then offered this

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further observation: "It is for society to raise and educate the young into a new generation and give the kind of love that no maternal love can ever hope to compare with."

Lin Chang will have to perform physical labor all during his student days because all education in Red China is guided by the "unalterable" principle that learning must be combined with productive work. No level of education is exempt. Mao and his followers are determined that not a single man-minute shall be spared from the task of building the nation.

Thus Lin and millions of other tots are assigned to chores upon entering primary school. As a first-grade student, he is given light tasks each day. By the time he has reached third grade, he is working two hours daily—even helping to harvest crops, tilling soil, working in a factory. In his early teens, at the equivalent of our junior high, he will be dividing his time equally between labor and study.

Nor is the rule relaxed in the universities, where students and professors alike are required to place their labor at the call of their Government and the Communist Party. They work on school farms, pick up rocks for dam construction, help clear away debris in the wake of the recurring and devastating Chinese floods. When the Government announces a fly and mosquito campaign, professors as well as students sally forth armed with swatters. Frequently a great university empties out for two hours in midday as all hands war on insects.

All this adds up to an unpaid work force of imposing proportions, and this force has undoubtedly accomplished much.

The state exercises total control over the admission and assignment of students. If Lin Chang aims at college, he will have to take stiff examinations that are conducted on a local district basis which is nationally controlled. Then he must undergo a rigorous investigation into his political background and qualifications. If he clears the hurdles, the government will then assign him to a specific course of study in a specific university.

In higher education, Lin will find few if any so-called general courses. The Communists have downgraded the importance of the general academic departments. The "specialty" is king. Students must focus on a narrow segment, often of a narrow field, in order to meet the particular needs of the nation for particular skills. Thus Lin may be assigned to any one of some 180 specialties—perhaps mine operation, electric motor or materials manufacture, the production of edibles and seasonings, paper manufacture, timber processing, city planning, and the like. He will concentrate in his one area for his full four years.

After graduation, what? Will Lin Chang pick his own future and his own work? Hardly. He will be sent wherever he is most needed. In 1958, for instance, 64,000 college and university graduates, diplomas in hand, went directly to the backward rural areas to assist local agricultural and small industry producing teams. They were not individuals so much as they were "produced units" responding to the orders of their producers. That the end of college days meant for them residence in a one-room unheated hut near the junction of two unpaved muddy roads in an inaccessible frontier province rather than an apartment in warm Canton or cooler Peking was a matter of fate in which they, like all of their fellow graduates, had little voice and no real choice. But their destiny is now helping to pull China upward and onward.

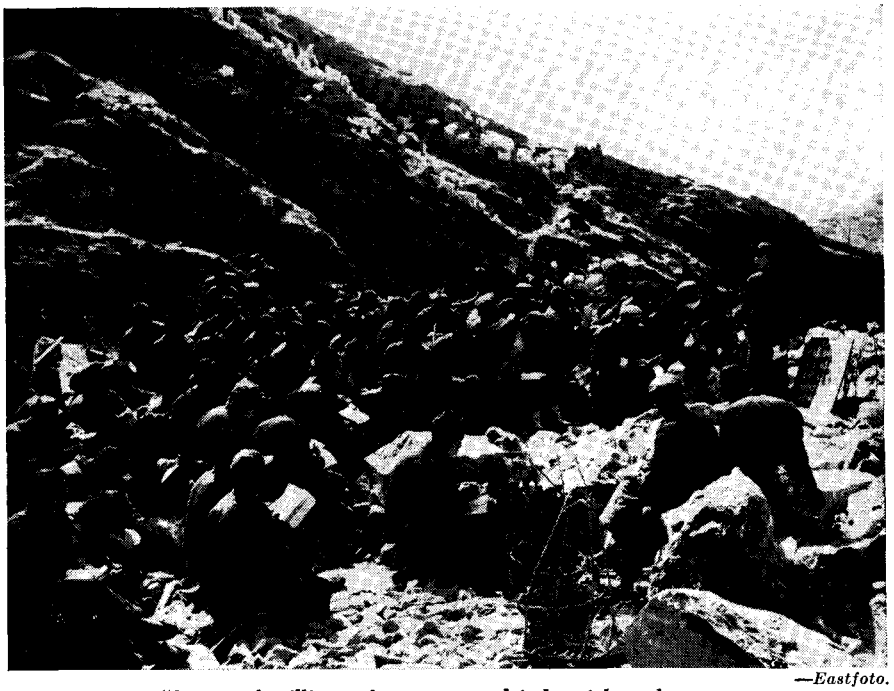
Of all China's achievements in education, certainly one of the most remarkable is the vast program of what we call adult education. Hundreds of thousands of night schools, winter schools, and spare-time classes have been set up all across the nation wherever space and a teacher—no matter how inadequately trained — can be found. Classes are held in school buildings, yes, but also in kitchens, barns, factories, basements and, when the weather allows, under the open sky. By the end of 1958, some 60,000,000 Chinese men and women were enrolled in some kind of school, an all-time record for any nation.

The greatest single aim in these spare-time classes is to teach the masses to read and write. The written form of the Chinese language actually encourages the perpetuation of illiteracy. In Chinese, there is no alphabet. Writing the language requires mastery of separate characters, or ideographs, for each word to be expressed. A fairly complete Chinese dictionary lists 40,000 such characters. Newspapers use about 4,000. And, to add to the complexity, many of China's regions speak their own dialects.

First step in the literacy battle was a decree making Mandarin Chinese the national language. Second was an order that promises ultimately to eliminate the Chinese ideograph itself. The government promulgated a set of alphabets by which the old-style characters could be spelled out. With this tool, totally illiterate peasants can be taught to write words and entire sentences within days.

The Chinese estimate that in thirty years at most they can reach the level of a first-rate power technically and scientifically. Under the impact of Mao's propaganda, the Chinese people see these goals dancing before their eyes and they like the visions. They are striving to make them come true.

Hollow boasts and impossible dreams? Perhaps. But it would be far wiser to keep our eyes unwaveringly on what is happening in the Orient while we enlarge and expand our own educational system. We see how Russia is moving forward and we are beginning to take that lesson to heart. Neither Russia nor the United States can afford to ignore Red China.



—Eastfoto.

"Scores of millions of peasants and industrial workers are attending 'spare time' classes on farms and in factories."

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Makatab

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schools, and 80,000 have finished the first three classes. There are over 2,000 separate schools, but we are able to make small grants—usually less than 100 rupees a month—to only about 500 of them. You see, the only funds we have are the income from certain lands in the irrigation projects that the government of Bahawalpur voted to use in 1953. This amounts to about 80,000 rupees a year."

I knew, too, that nineteen employees of the Education Department of West Pakistan, including Mr. Bokhari himself, supervise the program, and work to assure that set standards are maintained. Their salaries, and some travel allowance, represent the only outlay the Department of Education makes from its own funds for the more than 17,000 students enrolled in those schools that do receive grants.

"If you really want to know more about the *maktab* program," said Shabbir Bokhari, "then you should meet Hafeez-ur-Rahman, who was the Minister of Education in Bahawalpur when the program started.

"Maktab" he added, beginning to teach me the way he taught his village schoolmasters, "is the Arabic word for 'mosque-school.' One maktab, two makatab."

We found Hafeez-ur-Rahman at his orange groves near Harunabad, one of the pleasantest small cities of Pakistan. His specialty is the Kinoo orange, which seems to combine the juice of a Florida orange with the flavor of one from California. I should know. I certainly sampled enough of them while we talked around a cane table in the courtyard of his bungalow.

"We realized," said Hafeez-ur-Rahman, "that the literacy rate was abominably low, and before improvements of any kind could be made in Bahawalpur, it had to be raised. In 1953 less than 10 per cent of the population in Bahawalpur could read." In 1953, I remembered, Bahawalpur was about the size of New Hampshire and Vermont combined; administrative changes in West Pakistan have since added to it.

"We had no money," Hafeez-ur-Rahman continued, "nor much else, either. We had to utilize that which existed, and admit that some kind of a start was better than none at all. So we did the only thing we could do. We decided to utilize the village mosques for schools, and to train the leader of the village mosque—the *imam*—to teach elementary subjects. Of course, the *imam* was often uneducated himself, and we had to teach him the first-grade subjects he was to teach his own pupils."

The program met with a great deal of opposition from the first, Mr. Rahman recalled. The landlords were quick to point out that to teach the people to read and write would turn them Communist, for once they were educated they would surely revolt. "This," said one of them, referring to the maktab program "would be suicide!"

Not only were the landlords opposed to the plan, but so, too, were the religious leaders, and Bahawalpur is one of the more rigidly religious sections of Pakistan. Their first reaction was to suspect any new educational scheme. "Of course," they said, "we favor education, for education is part of Islam. But this is a scheme of which we must be suspicious, for you want our children to study more than the Qur'an. Indeed, what you are going to do is to mix poison with the honey, but in the end you will kill true religion."

The religious leaders were quick to point out that Islam could not condone images of any sort in the mosques. Consequently, illustrated books would dishonor the mosque; mosques could not be used as school buildings if there were any pictures of animate objects used in the textbooks. This was a blow to the promoters of the program, and they put the issue before the local school committees.

"We won't insist on your using textbooks with such pictures," they said, "if you can find some other way that is just as good."

Despite the strictures of the theologians, every single schoolboard elected to retain the pictures in the textbooks used in its school. "There is nothing idolatrous in this," they said. "Certainly the boys in school are not going to look upon their textbook pictures as idols." So the reactionary religious leaders were stilled, but more important, in hundreds of villages across the region of Bahawalpur the basis of democratic action had appeared—the people on the spot were sizing up problems for themselves, and making responsible decisions, without fear, for the good of all.

The Education Department of the Government of Pakistan did not look with favor upon these schools in their early stages, and many of the professional educators continue to look askance. Indeed, the educators had every right to wonder what kind of schools would appear when the teachers themselves had often less than a third-grade education. One educator told me that none of these *imams* had ever had a course in child psychology! I was unimpressed by this, for the teachers I had met were not so far removed from children that they needed a course to tell them what children were like. But the educators had another argument, and it did reach the heart of the maktab program.

"We teach four Rs, not three," Shabbir Bokhari told me. "Reading, 'ritin', 'rithmetic, and religion. If we didn't, we wouldn't get very far with these villagers. It is because we do teach religion that they so wholeheartedly sponsor and support their schools." Shabbir Bokhari believes the villager has to be persuaded, but that he has to persuade himself. To force a given line of action on him brings traditional defensive forces into play.

"The government told us to do it, and we do it," the villager will say without enthusiasm. But the village school in the mosque, because the villagers identify it with their own efforts, does frequently stir enthusiasm.

The mosque school idea *is* about as old as Islam itself, and the greatness of Islam during its centuries of renown was based on the widespread free educational system that provided an opportunity for every boy to go to school. And every school was associated with a mosque. With the decline of Muslim power these schools also declined; their curriculum became increasing theological. The British in India, having need for practical ability rather than dialectical talent, bypassed them. But because the Bahawalpur maktab program is a renovation of an old and honored Muslim institution, it is more acceptable to the villagers.

There can be no question that to many of the villagers the value of the school lies in the religious training that the children receive. In a sense, the maktab is little different from any Christian parochial school, with this exception: it provides the only formal religious training these children receive. The occasional non-Muslim who attends a maktab is not required to study the Muslim religious subjects. Even so— if the *imam* follows the curriculum—only about three hours a week, twice as much as in the government primary schools, are spent on religious instruction.

In about fifty villages the *imam* is paid by having the housewives put a handful of flour into a pitcher every day. Every month the *imam's* students collect the flour, thus saving him from personal begging. In a village of twenty-five houses the *imam* can realize about thirteen rupees a month by selling, usually within the village, the flour he does not need for his own consumption.

If the flour system were not used

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the *imam* would be paid by having twenty-five plates of food brought to him daily—two of which he might be able to consume; the rest he would have to sell for cattle food. This represents a tremendous waste, but the villagers are superstitious. The *imam* can bless each plate of food they bring him, but not each handful of flour. For this reason the flour system has failed in many villages.

The heart of the maktab scheme, however, is the instructor. Every month each of fifteen instructors, all of whom are under the Department of Education of West Pakistan, spends two weeks on tour. But the schools are so remotely spaced that he can visit only about twelve of them during this time. He spends another week at his headquarters—every instructor is a native of the particular area he serves—and one week at a training center.

Training centers vary from place to place, but usually they cater to five or six villages. Here the *imams* from the various makatab assemble under the instructor for practice teaching, and to criticize each other's efforts. One *imam* will learn that he speaks only to those in the front row; another may learn that he has been mispronouncing words. The *imam* has a chance to find answers to his questions, and the instructor has a chance to check on the *imam*. A constant check is necessary, for some of the *imams* remain uncertain about the content of the syllabus. More than one *imam*, I gathered, would much prefer to limit himself to religious teaching.

"We have had some strange problems when we tried to teach some of these *imams* to teach," Shabbir Bokhari said to me one day, a twinkle in his eye. "When the schools began we had some difficulty in teaching them basic educational concepts. At first, for instance, some of them had no sense of what a class might be. I remember going into one school, and there was the *imam* with thirty-six boys, each with a different lesson!

"'But,' the *imam* said to me, 'why should they all have the same lesson? After all, each boy is different from the other.'"

I was silent, for I had hardly expected to find the latest in American educational theory in the desert. But however excellent the theory, individual instruction is not the way by which many people can be taught to read as quickly as possible when there is very little money available, so the *imams* had to be indoctrinated into the meaning of a "class."

In every maktab I visited I particularly asked about the girls, for I suspected them of receiving short shrift. The girls of the village of Tugheri Sharif, for instance, do not meet with the boys. The wife of the *imam* teaches them the Qur'an, and this is all the schooling they get. Only about 4 percent of the students in grant-receiving schools are girls – about 750 out of 17,000.

Coeducation, however, is not something that can be hurried. The idea that woman's place is in the home is not an exclusively Pakistani one. This is not the problem anyway. The problem is what a home should be like, and whether an illiterate wife and mother is a greater asset than one who is literate. Shabbir Bokhari does not hurry his villagers, but he does try to drop new ideas among them. One local education committee told him they didn't believe girls should be taught the same subjects as boys—only to understand the Qur'an.

"Well," he replied, "the Holy Qur'an contains information about mathematics, about geography, and about many other things. How can it be understood if one knows nothing about these other things?"

To this point there was no answer. It was a new concept for the Education Committee: they were being introduced to learning in depth. Mr. Bokhari let the matter drop so the committee might have time to mull over the idea. It takes time to eradicate prejudices, but they are eradicated more quickly when the decision is the villagers' own.

As in every school, the final check on the efficiency of the makatab is how well their students do in their examinations. Only the first-year students are examined by the *imams;* all the other classes go to one of 104 examination centers and take the regular examination for promotion drawn up by the Education Department.

On the examinations themselves the maktab students seem to do about as well as the government primary school students—but only the best take the examinations. The drop-out rate in the makatab is very high, and about three-fourths of the average maktab is in the first class. At 211/9R, a well above-average school, there were thirty-seven students in the first class and twenty-eight in all the other classes together.

I spoke with several boys who had dropped out of the maktab. "Why did you stop?" I asked them. "Didn't you like school?"

Almost always they had stopped because their parents had needed them to work. Only a few boys showed no real interest in school as such. But the demands of a village economy are inexorable; children are born to work. The amazing thing is that there are so many illiterate village parents who are willing to sacrifice to insure that their children have a chance at even three years of education. In one of the makatab I visited—the school consisted of sixty boys sitting on loose straw on the ground, while the two teachers supervised matters from a *charpoi* (a string-bed) in front—a village youth had offered to take care of the cattle, to do the boys' work, so they could go to school. For this he received the milk of one cow once a week. With the price of milk at eight annas (about ten cents) a quart, he realized about twenty-two rupees every month himself – and the boys were able to attend school.

The fascinating role of the almost penniless maktab is that it has opened new horizons by showing the villager how he can expand his own skies through his own efforts. The enduring strength of the maktab lies in the resourcefulness it has developed in the villagers, and in the fact that, however crudely and unevenly, it does offer education where there had been no education before.

The maktab program is a fine example of how democracy develops out of the responsible pride and hard work of individuals on the bottom, rather than by being funneled in from the top. I asked one *imam* whether he wouldn't prefer to keep his increase in salary, but give up teaching and go back to doing nothing but leading the daily prayers in the mosque.

He looked at me, and I could sense the new respect he had found for himself. "No one likes to be idle," he said.

I remember seven-year-old Sayyid Muhammad Zulfarqan Ali Shah, who after just nine months in his maktab knew his multiplication tables through the eights, knew all of his Urdu letters, had read through one primer and was into a second. In addition, he had been introduced to the fundamentals of his faith. Not bad for a first-grader.

And I remember, too, in one village in which I spent the night, how the boys came bravely knocking on my door, to request that in honor of my visit a two-day holiday from school should be proclaimed. Not bad for third graders!

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Festival

Continued from page 41

of Ancient Instruments at the Foz Palace in Lisbon. This display and the setting for the concerts are unique in the organization of such projects.

Aaron Copland conducted his "Outdoor Overture" and his Third Symphony on a program that included a traditional work by Haydn. Olivier Messiaen will arrive later in June to lecture about his music and supervise the performance of his "Réveil des Oiseaux" for piano and orchestra. The Foundation not only provides scholarships for talented foreign and Portuguese students, but also offers them opportunities to practice their art. The fourth Festival concert was devoted to concertos for three outstanding scholarship winners of the past. Sergio Varella Cid, a Portuguese pianist, promises to become well known in European concert halls. He performed the Brahms D minor Piano Concerto with an intro-

spection beyond his years. Maria Macedo, a Casals and Fournier cello student, played the Elgar Cello Concerto, and Varoujan Kodjian displayed a brilliant technic in the Tchaikovsky Violin Concerto.

An objective observer basks in this atmosphere of renaissance in Portugal with a sense of paradox, for on every hand the nation is girding itself for the struggle in Angola. Army arsenals are gathering guns, jeeps, trucks, and other warlike equipment for shipment to Africa. The newspapers carry pictures of troop detachments sailing from the quays on the Tagus River. Signs on automobiles, in airports, on trams and buses, on store windows, read in broad black letters: "Angola e Portugal." Yet, amid this turmoil, the Gulbenkian Festival plays serene music of the great masters to great crowds of 5,000 persons in the large Coliseum, an indoor circus arena. Here the music lovers sit and stand for over two and a half hours to applaud, with cheers, the National Radio Symphony of Portugal in first-class concerts. —MAURICE FAULKNER.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1425

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Word which meets with itself whenever Jimmy Durante pronounces it.

B. What Samuel Butler specified as the proper state of certain creatures for their first enumeration.

C. Describing the beautiful kind of love Yeats was in search of (comp.).

D. Printer's device for turning screws or clamps on certain bases.

E. Self-important in demeanor (slang).

F. One characteristic of the posture of the self-assured (2 wds.).

G. Relax from stiffness and become genial (2 wds.).

H. Where oakum is applied in calking a ship (3 wds.).

I. More familiar name of Anne Louise Germaine Necker (1766-1817; 3 wds.).

J. Large, dark spot on a near planet, thought to be vegetation (3 wds.).

K. Celerity.

L. Fetish; tutelary genius of Mandingo village of the Sudan (2 wds.).

WORDS

93 78 107 35 110 24 139 131 58 122 147

143 59 100 25 15 75 129

200 41 138 92 8 70 13 108 167

90 160 179 114 156 30 180

198 26 164 64 155 194

85 128 195 83 43 163 1 49

36 181 23 84 207 141 176

57 98 68 34 159 61 152 19 39 74

6 40 175 178 91 127 18 55 9 71 115

66 80

11 113 77 199 117 95 102 116 125

204 53 189 149 5 20 7 183 136

112 50 133 158 172 192 109 210 87 86

DEFINITIONS

M. To another place.

N. Loser in a fight, esp. against odds (2 wds.).

O. Rounded, convex molding.

P. Robert Service wrote some "of a Red Cross Man", 1916.

Q. Mentally, privately, secretly.

R. An ecclesiastic council.

S. What is made to tremble by Columbia's banners.

T. Looked for.

U. Sportive.

V. Spacious.

W. Long, important river of W. central Canada, believed to have immense oil reservoirs along its length.

X. Oldest of all U.S. National Parks (1872).

Y. In architecture, a molding over a window.

Z. Contrite.

WORDS

140 162 72 111 51 212 54 134 10 104 106

119

202 177 69 161 17 154 101 79 21 81 206

120 146 73 67 118

82 191 31 185 48 135

184 209 22 186 132 76 45 63

60 214 56 148 197

33 99 124 12 4 126 170

42 94 28 142 65 52

151 46 3 187 27 182 174

2 38 193 105 205

89 137 169 97 47 44 150 103 16

14 153 29 144 208 188 165 121 166 37 88

32 211 123 62 201 145 171

173 157 96 203 196 168 213 130 190

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

1 F	2 V	3 U	4 S	5 K		6 I	7 K		8 C		9 I	10 M	11 J	12 S	13 C	14 X
	15 B	16 W	17 N	18 I		19 H	20 K	21 N		22 Q	23 G	24 A	25 B	26 E	27 U	28 T
29 X		30 D	31 P	32 Y		33 S	34 H	35 A	36 G		37 X	38 V		39 H	40 I	41 C
	42 T	43 F	44 W	45 Q	46 U		47 W	48 P		49 F	50 L	51 M	52 T		53 K	54 M
55 I	56 R		57 H		58 A	59 B	60 R	61 H	*	62 Y	63 Q		64 E	65 T	66 I	67 O
68 H	69 N	70 C		71 I	72 M	73 O	74 H	75 B		76 Q	77 J	78 A	79 N		80 I	81 N
82 P	83 F		84 G	85 F	86 L		87 L	88 X	89 W	90 D		91 I	92 C		93 A	94 T
95 J	96 Z	97 W	98 H	99 S		100 B	101 N	102 J	103 W	104 M		105 V	106 M		107 A	108 C
	109 L	110 A	111 M		112 L	113 J		114 D	115 I	116 J		117 J	118 O	119 M		120 O
121 X	122 A	123 Y	124 S	125 J		126 S	127 I	128 F	129 B		130 Z	131 A	132 Q		133 L	134 M
135 P	136 K		137 W	138 C	139 A	140 M	141 G	142 T	143 B		144 X	145 Y	146 O	147 A		148 R
149 K		150 W	151 U	152 H	153 X	154 N		155 E	156 D	157 Z		158 L	159 H	160 D	161 N	162 M
163 F	164 E	165 X		166 X	167 C		168 Z	169 W	170 S		171 Y	172 L	173 Z	174 U	175 I	
176 G	177 N	178 I	179 D		180 D	181 G	182 U	183 K		184 Q		185 P	186 Q	187 U		188 X
189 K	190 Z	191 P		192 L	193 V	194 E		195 F	196 Z	197 R		198 E	199 J	200 C	201 Y	202 N
203 Z	204 K	205 V		206 N	207 G		208 X	209 Q		210 L	211 Y		212 M	213 Z	214 R	

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 9 of this issue.

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Your first lesson: Utrillo's "A Suburban Street"

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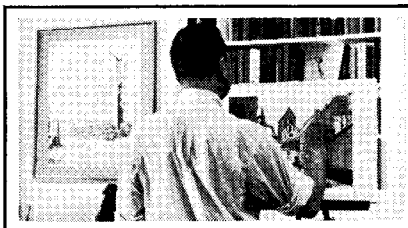

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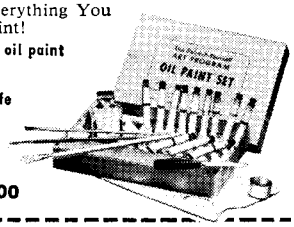

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